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JESUS AND HIS NATION.

JESUS was born of Joseph and Mary his wife, humble people who lived in Bethlehem, a small town in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Of his youth little is recorded, and nothing is certainly known. It was passed, probably, in obscurity—an obscurity rendered the deeper, perhaps, by the very circumstances which made his after-life distinguished, namely, his religious employment and character. As has been well said, “the contemplation of objects above the common pursuits of life frequently produces an indifference towards, and inaptitude for them, which in the eyes of most observers, and in many cases justly, place the recluse below rather than above the level of his fellow men. The active but petty engagements which would confer weight in a provincial town, were probably little sought after by one who was meditating on the prophets; and the respectable Nazarenes who filled the important offices of priest, ruler of the synagogue, or taxgatherer, might have smiled with contempt if told that their names would be eclipsed by that of the low-born, obscure and apparently useless citizen, who, disregarding civil eminence, was engaged in the contemplation of the kingdom of God.” * In early manhood he appears in public, announces himself as the Messiah, and proclaims the kingdom of heaven (Matt. iii. 15; xi. 14, 15; xii. 6, 8, 28, 32; xxi. 1-13). But his conception of the Messiah’s character, and consequently of the Messianic kingdom, seems to have differed materially from that which was popularly entertained. He made no account of royal lineage; he set up no claim as a descendant of David; he

* Hennel, *Origin of Christianity*, page 442.

planned no armed revolt against the Roman power; he meditated nothing like an insurrection against established authorities; he made no attempt even to collect a large body of followers. Not as Peter the Hermit summoned legions to the Crusade did Jesus call about him his little band of adherents. "One of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him, Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead."—(viii. 21, 22.) "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."—(xix. 21.) "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—(xvi. 24.) This rather looks as if Jesus was anxious to make his company as small as possible, and would strain out all those who did not understand and appreciate his objects.

The conditions of membership in the kingdom are certainly not such as a king or a demagogue would impose. Neither Theudas nor Barkochbar summoned the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace-makers, the hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Those would have been strange materials to organize into rebellion. At the period when Christ lived, the hope of armed resistance to the Roman power must have been nearly extinct in the Jewish nation: none but the desperate could have thought of an appeal to war.

Jesus nevertheless seems to have counted on angelic assistance in establishing an outward kingdom upon the earth, a kingdom which should take the place of existing dynasties, and should appear during the life-time of his contemporaries, though not perhaps in his own. "The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—(xiii. 41.) And again, in the same chapter: "So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and cast them into a furnace of fire." Here is declared the outward and inward character of the kingdom, and the agencies by which it is to be established. With respect to the time of its coming, other passages distinctly speak: "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there

be some standing here that shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom."—(xvi. 27, 28.) "I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until the day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." "Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."—(xxvi. 29, 64.) This is the only conception of the Messianic kingdom that we find attributed to Jesus; nor is there anything in the Gospel inconsistent with it. The parable of the mustard seed, "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field," teaches that the empire of God is to commence with a small beginning, which shall rapidly increase in power and fulness till the end be come. The kingdom is to unfold itself in *time*, but how long the time may be is not specified; certainly we are not justified in reckoning it by ages and centuries, as if Jesus meant to broach any modern doctrine of development. The parable of the leaven, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened," teaches, not that the kingdom of heaven is purely internal and spiritual, but merely that it is to expand outwardly, through the influence of the disciples. But could Jesus have entertained so visionary an idea as this,—that through him, by means of angelic power, the reign of righteousness should be established upon earth while those whom he addressed yet lived? The question is not, What *could* Christ have entertained? but, What *did* he entertain? Visionary such an idea may seem to us, like many other ideas which prevailed at that era of the world, but it did not seem visionary in Jesus, instructed to believe in the plan of the world, and the scheme of Providence which was taught in the Old Testament. The oft-repeated story of miracle, prophecy, celestial announcement, and angelic visitation, was to him simple, and true, and natural. The promise made to Abraham, and reiterated by the prophets, was literally accepted and surely believed. The personal conviction that he was the Messiah was to his mind a pledge that heaven and earth would be moved to accomplish his mission. Jesus, as a Jew, indulged no enthusiastic dream, no unreasonable expectation. He could not question the divine oracles. That he believed them, believed them so intensely as to stake his fortunes and even his life upon them, is a proof, not of intellectual weakness,

but of intellectual power; and argues moral power, also, of a cast truly sublime. Events showed that he was mistaken, but only the noblest spirits are capable of making such grand mistakes. To cherish what to the Jew was the divinest of all hopes, to cherish it in the midst of suffering, and with the prospect of death before his eyes, to cherish it when death was certain and imminent, only modifying it then according to his altered circumstances; not losing for a moment his faith in God, but with the growing need enlarging and extending his trust,—this is what Jesus did: and if this be enthusiasm, God be praised for such enthusiasts; for the wine with which they are filled is the wine of the Holy Ghost. Anybody can believe in the permanency and power of the Temporal, but only the supreme souls can believe in the permanency and power of the Eternal. Only the supreme souls can live so entirely in the atmosphere of immortal thoughts, can lean so confidently against the pillars of holy principle, can walk so steadily through the cloud-land of hope, can feed so satisfactorily on the words that fall from the mouth of God, can rely so implicitly on the omnipotence of the abstract laws of Justice and Love, as verily to believe that in the course of a man's life-time all the empires of the earth shall totter and crumble at the touch of an invisible finger; that human history shall hurry on to its consummation and run into judgment at the end of the century. Faith in the Absolute Justice is commonly guilty of chronological blunders. The saint is a careless time-keeper. To him that dwells in the everlasting Now of Faith, a thousand years may well seem as a single day. The story of Jericho's walls tumbling at the sound of a trumpet, is no fable to him who is sure that God's breath blows through the tube.

One of the vexed questions among the Jews was the relation which the Gentiles should sustain to the Messianic Kingdom—whether they should enter it at all, and if so, upon what terms. The prevalent feeling, created and confirmed by centuries of war, exile and oppression, was one of most bitter hatred towards all the heathen nations, the Samaritans included. The majority, perhaps, were disposed to consign them in a mass to curses and destruction, shutting them out entirely and forever from the favor of God. Some were willing to admit them through a strait and narrow gate of initiation, if they came on their knees imploring the boon. The kingdom was for the Israelites; if not for them

alone and exclusively, still for them prevailing and substantially, and for no others, except such as became merged in them. The thought of offering the kingdom to the Gentiles was novel and startling enough—the thought of rejecting from it the Israelites was hateful and horrifying. Even the early Christians shared the national intolerance upon this point. Peter, according to the Acts, needed a special revelation to induce him to visit the pious Roman Centurion who had sent for him. The brethren and Apostles in Judea heard of this extraordinary act of tolerance: “And when Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them;” however, they listened to his representation, and, having heard it, held their peace, saying, “Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.” But even after this, Peter, James, John, and the rest “that were of the circumcision,” contended long and violently with Paul, who felt himself called to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and who favored their admission into the Church on the single condition of their faith in Christ. Indeed, the Gospel became an entirely new thing with Paul by reason of this one circumstance, that he delivered it to the Gentiles, and, in so doing, accommodated it to their intellectual and moral condition.

What, now, was the position of Jesus upon this deep question of the nation? We have his words and his acts to tell us. “I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”—viii. 11, 12. “And before him shall be gathered all nations.”—xxv. 32. “Verily I say unto you, whosoever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her.”—xxviii. 19. The parable of the laborers in the vineyard (xx. 1) teaches the same doctrine. Those who come last (the Gentiles) receive the same recompense with those who came first (the Jews). Of similar import is the parable of the wicked husbandmen—xxi. 31: God is the householder; the vineyard is the kingdom of heaven; the husbandmen who were intrusted with the vineyard, but who, instead of giving their master the fruits thereof, beat his servants, killing one, stoning another, and finally murdering their lord’s

only son, are the Jews; the servants are the prophets; the son is the Christ; the "other husbandmen" are the Gentiles: "Therefore I say unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." No less significant is the parable of the Marriage Feast, which has already been commented on. In chapter iv. 25, we read, that multitudes followed Jesus from Dekapolis, a district comprehending ten cities in the neighborhood of the Sea of Gennesaret, and peopled mostly by heathen. According to chapter viii. 28, Jesus went into the country of the Gergesenes, a heathen people, as their herds of swine would also indicate, dwelling in the region which lay southeasterly from the Sea of Gennesaret. Of course, Christ visited these people in his capacity of Messiah, and the casting out of the devils from the region of swine symbolically suggests that his ministry among them was not unsuccessful. From all of which it would appear, that Jesus unequivocally favored the admission of the Gentiles into the kingdom, nay, that he offered it to them on equal conditions with the Jews—namely, inward faith and inward purity. Nor is there anything in his teaching or conduct which may fairly be construed as at variance with this position. The interview with the Canaanitish woman is alleged (xv. 21); but Jesus, though at first declining to grant her request, immediately yields to her humble entreaty, saying, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The exhortation, "Give not that which is holy to the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine," undoubtedly favors the narrower view of the Jews; so does the direction given to the twelve apostles: "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."—x. 6, 7. But Jesus would naturally love his own countrymen most, and would have felt that his first duty was to them: why may he not, like Paul, the great apostle to the heathen nations, have addressed his own people before he addressed strangers, and have turned to those outside, when the "chosen people" had rejected him? Surely, such a course, instead of being inconsistent, is precisely such as we should have expected him to pursue. The gospel of Jesus was not sectarian, even in the broadest sense of the term; its character was such as to adapt it to the wants of all mankind; it could not, in fact, have been confined to the Jews—the same freedom and spirituality which released it from the restrictions of Hebrew thought,

and the burdens of Hebrew ceremonial, must have emancipated it from the limits of time and space—must have made it cosmopolitan in its relations—must have commended it to human nature everywhere, and constrained its Teacher to spread it far and wide himself.

There was another problem which exercised the members of the early Church, in the age of the apostles, and long after: the Law of Moses, under any interpretation, was it to be perpetual and perpetually binding upon all alike, or was it preparatory to the Gospel, and to be superseded by it? On one side stood Paul, on the other the "apostles of the circumcision." The latter held that the law was irrevocable and unchangeable, all its precepts and practices being still in force, not for the Jews only, but for all who wished for salvation. The temple worship, with its orders of priests, its ordinances and sacraments; the numberless rites of solemn or trifling character; the sacrifices of all kinds, were not abolished or affected by the Gospel, which merely declared that the servants of the law were, after so long waiting, about to receive their reward. Paul, on the other hand, contended, as he must have done in order to preach acceptably to the Gentiles, that the law, though "holy" and "spiritual," was but "a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ"—a prophecy of Christ; a promise which Christ fulfilled—a beginning which Christ completed. The law was not abolished by the Gospel, but perfected by it; the bondage it imposed was taken off—the spirit it communicated was unfolded. Its rites were no longer efficacious, but its righteousness was to command the world, and its promise was free to all nations. After speaking very strongly upon the respective merits of the law and of faith (Rom. iii. 31), Paul says: "Do we then make *void* the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law." Language almost word for word like this is uttered by Jesus (Matt. v. 17): "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil;" and then he goes on to explain what he means by the law's fulfilment, with a boldness, a simplicity, a freedom and spirituality of tone which was immeasurably beyond anything that Paul attained to. If any one would know what Christ means by fulfilling the law, he has only to read the Sermon on the Mount. The Pharisees complained that he sat at meat with publicans and sinners. He replied: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Go ye and learn what that meaneth, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice:'—for I am

not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"—and upon this follows the similitude of the new cloth and the old garment—of the new wine in the old bottles, hinting at the impossibility of compressing his Gospel into the limits of their traditional sentiments and forms. To the chief priests and elders who questioned him about his authority, he made answer: "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots"—both belonging to the lowest orders of the people; the former reckoned as apostates, the latter as outcasts from Israel—"go into the kingdom of heaven before you. For John came unto you in the way of righteousness (that is, as a prophet under the law), and ye believed him not; but the publicans and harlots believed him: and ye, when ye had seen, repented not afterward, that ye might believe."—xxi. 31, 32.

Christ has no word to say in favor of circumcision, nor does he ever insist on the rendering of ritual worship. He violates without ceremony the law of the Sabbath, by journeying and performing deeds of mercy as on other days, calling himself Lord of the Sabbath, and greater than the temple. If a man has brought his offering to the very altar's foot, and at that last moment remembers that his brother has aught against him, he is to leave the gift before the altar, nor venture on offering it until he is reconciled with his brother. If he is described once as purging the temple from defilement, he is also described as predicting its downfall. He is perpetually rebuking the legal righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, counting it as nothing, and worse than nothing, as utterly worthless at the gate of heaven; he tells men that if they have nothing better than that, they must not hope to enter the kingdom. "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." He calls men's attention away even from the moral teachings of the law, and holds them to the natural sentiments of the heart, by which these teachings were at once fulfilled and transcended. In our age, truths like these have become the common-places of the street; but they were high revelations once. Could words be spoken to the ears of this generation as far above its ordinary level of thought, as were the words of Jesus above the understanding of his contemporaries, the speaker would be worshiped or crucified as a new Messiah—crucified first, probably, and worshiped afterwards. Nay, these truths of Jesus are high reve-

lations now ; for it is one thing to familiarize the ear to the sound of words, and another thing to familiarize the mind to the power of thoughts. Everywhere, in Christendom, these doctrines of Jesus are responded to as axioms ; but there are few men, to-day, who thoroughly comprehend and faithfully believe their import, and these are, with scarcely an exception, regarded as visionaries and fanatics. This Gospel of Jesus, we are told, is ancient—ancient as religion—ancient as the religious soul itself. Yes ; but Jesus made it new and fresh as if it had just been sent from above ; and to every individual it must still be made new and fresh before it can be appreciated or even apprehended. The antiquity of Christianity is pledge of its eternity ; it is evanescent only in its application to human affairs, which change from one generation to another. But the Truth outlives its relations as the law of production buries dead leaves every autumn. Whenever the Truth becomes freshly apprehended and incarnated, then it becomes freshly revealed ; and if the simple principles which Christ enunciated were applied to existing institutions as vigorously as he applied them to the vicious customs of his time, the very last thing we should say of them would be, that they were antiquated or trite.

There seems to be little reason for doubting that Jesus assumed a position of singular boldness and surprising freedom among his countrymen. They expected a revolutionist who should overthrow the government : the whole tenor of his conduct and teaching declared him to be none. They expected a “ native Israelite,” zealous for his own people, filled with holy wrath towards the Gentiles, and all who were not in allegiance with the race of Abraham : he proclaimed the kingdom of heaven to all who hungered and thirsted after righteousness. They expected a reformer, who would vindicate the laws and institutions of Moses, free the ancestral customs from abuses, and bring things back to the old standard, restoring the good old times : he, a regenerator, went behind the letter of the law, and penetrated so deeply into its spirit, that the ceremonial, or other forms which it had assumed, instead of being restored, were abolished, and the statutes, by the very process of purification, were abrogated. . Jesus was something more than a Jew. Though born in a lowly estate, and nurtured, doubtless, in Hebrew prejudices—taught that the temple worship was to endure forever, and that men were saved by sacramental observances and legal obedience—he, though but a youth, clearly discerned and plainly

exposed the falsity of this venerated idea, releasing himself not at once, probably, but fully, at last, from the bondage of pious traditions, the holiest in the world, and of pious sentiments that all but made the substance of the Jews' nature. Springing up among a people whose proud hope of deliverance had become a frenzied expectation under the scornful oppression of Roman "dogs," he, apparently unaffected by the passion of the time, taught that the only deliverance men needed was from the dominion of evil within, and that the kingdom of God was founded on truth, and love, and faith in spiritual things. Having in his veins the blood of a race so angry and self-righteous, so bigoted and so bitter that they never thought of Gentiles but to hold them accursed, and never spoke of them but to call them swine, this young Galilean proclaimed a brotherhood so wide, that in it were included not only the despised of his own nation, but the outcast of every other. Of course, no common person could have assumed a position like this — only one whose genius was prevaillingly and transcendently religious could have done it in such an age and in such circumstance. True, the grounds for it existed already in the books of the Old Testament; the letter of the Gospel was but the manifest spirit of the law. The ancient Hebrew scriptures suggest, in many places, the views which Christ put forth. But the popular mind, hard, sensual, and inclined to formalism, had overlooked these great words. The Jewish people, crushed under the heel of despotism, forgot that Messiah was described as a Prince of Peace, and chose rather to dwell on the oracles which menaced the scornful Gentiles with wrath, than on the predictions which gave them a share in the divine mercy. They reveled in the prospect of an empire won with bloodshed — they derived a grim satisfaction from the exclusion and overthrow of their enemies. We must do justice to the wonderful penetration that could find those wells of living water beneath such rugged masses of prejudice and such rubbish-heaps of observance. It is not strange that a meditative, devout, and gentle mind, of pure sentiments, lofty principles and broad humanity, should have seized greedily upon the more elevated language of psalmist and prophet, and given to it the most generous construction of which it was capable; but it is strange that such a mind should have come up in that place to do this needed work. To discover such language, to ponder upon it, to consider it in its relations, to measure by it the practices cur-

rent among his contemporaries, might well have been the favorite study of one like Jesus ; and, if he believed himself chosen of God at all, he must have believed himself chosen to go forth and preach in the spirit of that truth which his intellect most readily accepted, and his heart most dearly loved. But the faculty of absorbing truths is kindred to the faculty which discovers them ; nay, it is the same faculty, for no prophet or sage does more than *bring truths to light*—God alone invents or originates truth. The loftiest souls are but seers into the word that He unrolls ; nor does it matter in the least whether the word be written in a book which we have read from our infancy, or whether it be submitted to us in an unknown tongue, or whether it be buried, as in some palimpsest, beneath mystic legends and fables, or whether it be wholly inarticulate and uninscribed in the chambers of the Infinite Mind. There needs a spirit to search out the spirit's meaning ; and often it is most difficult to detect that meaning in the letters to which our eye is accustomed, and the phrases which frequent repetition has rendered senseless.

It is, indeed, a singular fact, and one not easily to be explained, that the liberalism of Jesus should have produced no more effect upon his followers ; that after his death they should have clung as tenaciously as ever to their Jewish prejudices ; that they should have considered the gospel as sent to the race of Abraham only, should have adhered so jealously to the letter of the law, should have required a special revelation in regard to the Gentiles ; and even after it had come, should have been astonished at their conversion, and incredulous not only of Peter's assurances, but of the testimony of their own eyes and ears. It is singular, too, that in the controversy with Paul, respecting the admission of the Gentiles and the obligations of the law, the authority of Christ was never, so far as we know, by either party appealed to : a silence, however, which, fairly considered, proves nothing ; for, if Paul did not claim Christ as on his side, neither did Peter. James and John claim him as on theirs ; and we can more easily understand how Paul, who had never been acquainted with Jesus, and who had kept aloof from his followers, should from ignorance omit to quote such language as is contained in Matt. viii. 11, 12, xxi. 43, and xxv. 32, than how Peter, James and John should have failed to produce declarations like that of Matt. x. 5, 6, and xv. 24. That these men did not search their memories for every

utterance of bigotry that dropped from the Master, and fling them into the teeth of the Apostle to the Gentiles, would seem, on the whole, to indicate that the Master was not to be reckoned on their side.

As to the conduct of the disciples themselves, if anything recorded of them in the Gospel is to be believed, we ought not to be surprised at the largest amount of stupidity, misconception, intolerance, or infidelity, in men so rude, so ignorant, and so passionate. It is too much to expect that persons who could not understand the simplest words of the Great Teacher, when they were in daily intercourse with him, should have minds to comprehend, and souls to carry out his grandest principles, after he was dead. When, therefore, Mr. Hennell (*Origin of Christianity*, p. 429) argues from the behavior of the disciples that Christ took the more limited view of his mission and its consequences, he seems to estimate much too highly the wisdom and truth of those primitive followers. The opposite inference would be the juster one — that Jesus was precisely the reverse of what they believed him to be, and that it was almost enough to give us the assurance of his liberality, that such men supposed him to be illiberal. This is a point that will bear emphasizing.

In estimating the religious character and the religious sentiments of Jesus, it must be remembered that all our knowledge of him comes from those who were least able to appreciate the finest religious qualities, and the highest religious thoughts. When his personal attributes passed into history, they were bleared and clouded like constellations in a murky night. His light was colored by the minds through which it fell. The Jews first attempted to compress his large spirituality within the compass of their own law, and to shape his person into conformity with the national type of goodness. They would have him to be a Jew, with Jewish reason and a Jewish heart. They would do their best to exhibit him in the likeness of a Hebrew prophet. The Jews, from being a religious, had come to be a superstitious people, idolatrous of ceremonies and forms. Hence, in proportion to their veneration for Christ would be their falsification of him, and in their most enthusiastic praise he would suffer the most cruel injustice. But if Jewish biographers inevitably misapprehended and undervalued the moral sentiments of Jesus, the Gentiles paid very little heed to them. The Greeks, more speculative than spir-

itual, in their concern for the dogmas that were taught in the Redeemer's name, and their eagerness to assign to him his place among the deities, easily forgot his interior excellence, his nobleness, nor were too careful to preserve even the traditions of them. Hence the impression of Christ's finest ideas became more and more faint with the extension of his "Gospel" and the exaltation of his name. Nay, so dense were the vapors into which his pure light shone, so rapidly did men lose their appreciation of its beauty, that in the third and fourth centuries the Apocryphal Gospels, books written by Christians, with pious intent, too, represent him with scarcely a moral or spiritual grace that commands our respect. His dear humanity is lost completely.

While thus Christ's moral sentiments were losing weight in the estimation of his disciples, there existed a tendency to exalt his metaphysical attributes and accidental properties. In the lapse of a hundred years, Jesus, the humble Nazarene, the son of Joseph the carpenter, and of Mary his wife, was by the power of speculative thought raised to the rank of supremacy among the angels. First came the story of the immaculate conception and the super-human birth; next he was spoken of as a being from another sphere, the spiritual Man, the Lord of Heaven, personally preëxistent; then was assigned to him the rank of a Gnostic Æon, one of the personified attributes of Deity; next he was placed above all the angels; after this he rose higher still, and was philosophized about as the created Creator and Sustainer of the world, the final Cause of all existence; and at last he was dogmatized about distinctly as the Logos, the conscious Reason of the Infinite, with a soul in absolute and original concourse with God, and a body which was no frame-work of mortal flesh, but a phantom shape, that could come and vanish like a ghost. This rank is assigned to him within the covers of the New Testament. Later still, the theologians gave him the nature and the name of Supreme and very God, self-existent, eternal and infinite, with only a theoretical humanity, his mortal part being not so much even as the form of a man, but only a form of words. The end of this process was as lawful as the beginning. The Jews commenced by clothing Jesus with all the eternal and official attributes that were needful to qualify him for the duties of prophet and Messiah. The Gentiles concluded by clothing him with all the metaphysical and substan-

tial attributes that were needful to give him place among their æons and demigods.

This then being the disposition of the ages immediately succeeding Jesus, to exalt his accidents and to lower his being, it seems no more than just that, in sifting our mixed materials in order to discover the living Christ, we should place his metaphysical nature at the lowest point, and his spiritual being at the highest. We must depreciate his rank to the level of common humanity, and must elevate his character into the region of the divine. In outward grandeur and official dignity, in nobleness of birth, pomp of circumstance, and majesty of physical endowment, we must estimate him as below the Hebrew Messiah. In purity of sentiment and truth of heart, in breadth of conscience and clearness of spiritual intuition, in the human elements of fidelity and love, in the religious qualities of faith and hope, we must allow him to have been far greater than the Hebrew ideal. Had Jesus, by an angelic birth and nature, surpassed the national standard of the Christ, how can we conceive it to be possible that those wild, imaginative ages should have described him as a man at all? Unless he had surpassed this standard in his traits of personal goodness, how can we conceive it to be possible that those bigoted Jews should have represented him as so far above the standard of their law? We see how hard they tried to restrain him within the limits of their rigid ritual and righteousness, to make him satisfy at once the old predictions and the new hopes; how then can they have invented those benignant virtues, and put into his mouth those marvelous sayings, that flash out like stars upon the black firmament of their moral world? How, even, could they have admitted such incongruous excellences, had it been possible to suppress them? A Jewish fancy might easily metamorphose a man into an angel; but a Jewish conscience would find it a difficult task to magnify an orthodox Hebrew into a seer and saint for all the world.

Again, it is manifest that Christ was persecuted and put to death by those who formed preëminently the Jewish party — by the adherents of the ancient laws and institutions, the representatives of pure Hebrew ideas — in one word, by the chief priests and Pharisees and scribes, the influential of every class. His friends were of small account in Israel. Peter often doubted and finally denied the Master, who did not satisfy his expectations. Judas for the

same reason betrayed him. His accusers charged him with a proposition to overthrow the temple. The suspicious and unscrupulous Pilate could find no ground for complaint against him, yet the Jewish multitude clamored, "Let him be crucified." The fact stands forth boldly in the Gospels, that Christ stood in opposition to the native Hebrew party among his contemporaries. How is this fact to be accounted for, if he did not assail their most vulnerable points—namely, their gross conception of the Messiah, their exclusive claim to the kingdom of heaven, and their arrogant self-righteousness, based on a scrupulous obedience to the Mosaic law? Nor did this antagonism between Christ and his countrymen grow up in the latter stages of his career, as the result of disappointed expectations on their part: it began with his mission, and it gained in strength each year he lived, disclosing more and more fully the entire variance of his thought from theirs, and proving him to have been at issue with his countrymen, not in his fortunes merely, but in his ideas.

On the whole, then, must we not say that Jesus was a marvel of moral and spiritual greatness? Something more than a teacher, something above an exemplar, a wonderful being, whose virtue went imperfectly forth in words; a reformer, but more truly still, a regenerator; a king, and yet more justly to be entitled a brother of men; a voice, not of one crying in the wilderness, but of one breathing out the Holy Spirit in creative truths and sanctifying influences, himself an incarnation of the Holy Spirit?

EACH age has its own follies, as its majority is made up of foolish young people; its superstitions appear no superstitions to itself. But, after a short time, down go its folly and weakness, and the memory of them; its virtues alone remain, and its limitation assumes the poetic form of a beautiful superstition, as the dimness of our sight clothes the objects in the horizon with mist and color. The revelation of reason is this of the unchangeableness of the fact of humanity under all its subjective aspects, that to the cowering it always cowers, to the daring it opens great avenues. The ancients are only venerable to us because distance has destroyed what was trivial; as the sun and stars affect us grandly only because we can not reach to their smoke and surfaces, and say, Is that all?

R. W. E.

THE MAY-FLOWER.

I.

THE snow still lay in shady dells;
Still, nightly, Frost rebuilt his shrines,
And though all day in sapphire cells
Clepsydral drops rang crystal bells,
Chill night-winds moaned among the pines.

II.

Yet through the forest sped a sound,
As if of Dryad—whispering shrill;
A sense seemed crescent in the ground,
As if, awaked from sleep profound,
The Gnomes were working in each hill.

III.

Lo, Spring! with rosebuds in her hair!
Light-gloried Faith! and, as she swept
Along the wood-aisles, all the air
Took from her robes a perfume rare,
And May-flowers marked where she had stepped.

IV.

Dear Flower! I see the Pilgrim maids
First dare the fearful forest's edge:
What music fills the astonished glades,
What long-lost bloom each cheek pervades,
As thee they hail, kind Heaven's fair pledge.

V.

And still, when from Spring's soft'ning skies
The first rays pierce thy branchy screen,
Thy blossoms blush beneath blue eyes;
Still joyous laughter hails the prize
God sends to keep our memories green.

SPIRITUALISM AND GHOST-CRAFT.

Glendower—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Percy—And so can I, or any other man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

WITH respect to the affairs of the other life, a large class of curious-minded persons have been, from time immemorial, like children before a show, longing to peep behind the curtains, and innocently creating in their teeming imaginations visions of splendor and grace, with which the realities forthcoming will compete at a great disadvantage.

At last the curtains rise, and the performance commences. It is thus with all the treasures of our ideal world, with all the glory and all the terrors evoked from the hours of our most passionate experience: those who have speculated seriously on the after-life of souls, have dramatized it like a romance, carefully excluding those chromatic shades that form the common-place of our present existence, and compose the background, on which a few strong passions and great events plough their rare furrows of glowing light.

But because the humdrum materialism of a very crude state of society outrages in souls of a finer mould the sentiment of art and harmony; because their views of another life, left free to fancy's plastic finger, exhibit an intense reaction from the present into all that is most opposite—from fever into calm, from drudgery into rest, from material interests into sentiment, from barren intellection and coarse sensuality into an incorporeal refinement,—does it follow that the truth must lie at this other extreme, any more than in the false material life of the present?—and, whatever be the allotted destiny of man, is it certain that he is to find it in the other life, before he shall have fulfilled it here in the sphere of material ultimatum? Why may there not be already a greater difference in the spiritual development and advantages of two individuals, both in this our present place of existence, than between either of them, as compared with himself, in the two states, before and after death?—and if common sense, analogy and revelation unite in approving this view relatively to individuals, why may not the same considerations apply in the com-

I.—18.

parison of SOCIAL PERIODS? May we not pass to some, as superior to our best civilization in their organization, and their influence upon the children born in them, as this summit of civilized experience is to the rudest savageism.

These remarks may serve as a caution to those who are accustomed to condemn bitterly and *a priori*, from the heights of their ideal, the trivial and often vulgar pretensions of modern Spiritualism. How would *the facts of our existing society* stand the same tests, of conformity with reason and with beneficent purpose, to which they subject the asserted communications from the other life?

In entering upon this investigation, it may be well to review the range of powers with which we are already familiar, and to consider whether all—or, if not all, how many—of the newly-asserted facts, may be grouped under the old principles.

1st. *Mechanical Imposture and Jugglery*.—This reaches a certain number of the lowest class of facts in rappings and table-movings. Its range is very limited, and so incommensurate with the asserted phenomena, that only a man who is great enough, like Faraday, to be able to afford to make an ass of himself, or else one who is already an ass without taking this trouble, will seriously pause at such an explanation.

2d. *Subjectivity*.—Under which head fall dream-creations, reverie and vision, somnambulism, clairvoyance sympathetic and independent, second-sight, prevision or prophecy, and in general those higher operations of the soul, which are performed like the pulsation of the heart and the functions of digestion and secretion, without either the consciousness or volition of our ordinary life, and which, like the ganglionic or organic nervous system and its functions, reveal, as it were, a second individuality bound up in the same skin with the one that we wot of. The higher phenomena of this sphere do professedly embrace, in many cases, sight of spirits and converse with them; and the memoir published by a poor French artisan (Cahagnet) just before the rappings broke out, contains more interesting and worthier-seeming narratives of converse with the great departed, than any we have seen pretended to since. Those whose experience and mental constitution give them faith in the higher phenomena of clairvoyance, will regard these as no longer purely subjective, or “as powers within our tether, no new spirit power conferring,” but as forming the step of transition by which we mortals advance half way to meet the armies of the dead on neutral ground.

3d. *Electro-Genetic Faculties.*—These, exhibited in a very striking manner by the electric eel, torpedo, and a few other aquatic animals, exist in quiescence, yet often visible, among terrestrial animals, especially in the feline genus, and in certain human organisms. They differ from the magnetic or magnetizing faculty, and the two either may or may not be observed in the same person.

Thus are exhibited a regular series of phenomena, bridging over the gulf between the commonest experiments with a stick of sealing wax, and the loftiest of sleep-waking and clairvoyance.

Man, as somnambulist poet and seer, has evidently made all the advances which courtesy could require of him in view of establishing a cordial intercourse with other spheres or states of existence. Modern Spiritualism pretends that the ultramundane spirits have on their part done as much, and that amicable relations and intramundane hospitality, with all the etiquette thereto appertaining, is in the very crisis of fulfilment.

Let us now examine the objections urged by reason and good taste against the alleged style of proceeding, leaving out of view in the present article all sifting of evidence and special repetitions of what every one is already familiar with, whether they believe or not in what they see and hear.

Objection 1.—The trivial character of most of these pretended communications, whether by rappings or writing mediums.

The chief force of this objection is derived from our preconceived ideal of the dignity and solemnity of all that has passed the portals of the grave. The bat and the owl, emblems of superstition and of clerical imposture, and which greatly affect the scenery of tombs and catacombs, may furnish some useful lessons on this score. They are, when all is known, as silly birds or nondescripts as any other. For the rest, an *a priori* conclusion on this subject is invalid in logic, and if we condescend to accept strictly human analogies of conduct, we shall find the ghost addresses well enough in keeping with our own "How d'ye do," "Fine weather," and other insipidities of stereotyped greetings between either friends or strangers. If our own high converse is very rare, why quarrel with the ghosts for being as chary of their good things?

The obstacles of mediumship are strongly analogous to those of interpretation between interlocutors ignorant of each others' language. We know how much every discourse loses in fire and pith by this form of transmission, and how little of fluent spontaneity can exist

without the direct exchange of personal aromas or influences. Even after we have ourselves begun to speak a new language, and have acquired familiarity with its grammatical structure, we long keep fearfully to the shore, in the shallow waters of common-place politeness, nor dare to trust ourselves in the deeps of thought and sentiment.

Let us next take into account the phenomena of *passional katalysis*, a term borrowed from chemistry, or that mysterious influence by which one person emancipates all our powers by his presence, and another paralyzes them, while between these two antipodal impressions lies every intermediate shade. If we, well stuffed with grosser flesh and blood, are still so sensitive that a look can go through us like a dagger, a tone move us to wrath or to tears, and even a silent presence overmaster us; if suspicion mantles the cheek of innocence with shame, and hangs lead upon the lips of the just; if so few of us can act or speak without the encouragement of sympathy, or at least the courtesy of its seeming — should we feel surprise that those more delicate-bodied spirits, subtler than the quick nerve, should evince caprice as to their company, or hesitation in their answers? What must it be then, when the nearest and dearest ones doubt the identity of those who address them? Under such circumstances, it is the absence of embarrassment that would be matter of wonder.

If there is any general fact or law which impresses itself upon the mind, after listening patiently to all the stammering utterances of this babe new-born into our world of facts, it is that the social and spiritual affections, and not intellection or industry, chiefly preëccupy those whom death has emancipated from their servitude to *things*.

They do not seem to know much, but perhaps they love the better on that account; and if their additions to literature have not risen above the average of the silliest sophomore college themes, perhaps this gives just the hint of what they are, and that the new gospels now pouring upon us, like dirty water from the slop-tubs of the ghost-folk, are just the rudimental exercises in composition made by poor, ignorant working-people, who never got any chance of an education while with us, and who now take a comical revenge upon their literary superiors by enforcing on public attention, through the *prestige* of a mystery, and the assumption of renowned names, productions which would otherwise have dropped into oblivion without causing even a ripple. It is a common remark with us, that the conversation of lovers appears but silly talk to those who are not in love. Now, though I shrewdly suspect such lovers used to say silly things before

they fell in love, let us admit the same excuse in behalf of the ghost-folk, that we extend to the rest of society. It is certain that those who glow most warmly in their social affections, care less about intellectual brilliance, than others who polish with infinite zeal this outside of their cup of life.

The faculties which we now cultivate in action, sleep, perhaps, beyond the grave, while others, here deprived of action, wake and develop in their kind. What the ghost-folk can impart, being what they still have in common with ourselves, will only be their dreams, fragmentary and confused impressions of their waking hours.

Finally, let us remark, that in transition movements, generally, the inferior characters take the lead. Thus, to the ignoble bat and the ornithorhynchus are assigned the conspicuous posts of ascending and descending transitions between the world of beasts and the world of birds; and to grey twilight, shorn of the double glory of the day and night, it is given to announce the Sun or to reveal the stars.

Little as our civilization may have to show of wisdom or goodness, for an experience of some four thousand years or more, we should still consider it quite unfair to be judged by the manners of those frontier swarms which society throws off like its chaff or scum, and which constitute, as at Botany Bay, or about the *doggeries* of the far Southwest, the transition between the civilizee and the savage. Perhaps we might be equally unjust if we judged the population of the ghost-world by such communications as they have first extended to us. This is their transition; and what is ours? Are not the greater number of our sleep-wakers and persons endowed with ultramundane faculties, invalids, and very inferior types of our ordinary life?

Throughout this article it may be observed that we have avoided using the word *spirits* in speaking of the ghost-folk. It is because we consider ourself to be just as much a spirit as any of them; and we will not call them disembodied spirits, because we believe they have got bodies as well as the rest of us, although we can not always see them. That death does not affect a man's muscular strength seems to be sufficiently evidenced by feats in lifting tables and pianos.

To conclude, we are far from being satisfied that spirits or ghosts of any other sphere than ours are the causes of such effects; but we are willing to adopt the hypothesis, and use it like an algebraical x or y , in computing the bearings of a problem hitherto unsolved.

M. E. L.

THE LATE LAWSUIT.

MEN AND WOMEN VS. CUSTOM AND TRADITION.

WHEN, in 1844, Margaret Fuller gave "The Great Lawsuit" to the pages of the first *Dial*, she stated with transcendent force the argument which formed the basis of the first "Woman's Rights Convention," in 1848. Nothing has since been added to her statement, nothing can ever be taken away from it, and every new step in the movement crowns her brow with a new laurel; for to her it was left to make a complete, scholarly exposition of a question, only the first third of which came to treatment under the hands of Mary Wollstonecraft.

The progress of the "Woman's Rights" movement seems rapid, only because we have not traced its gradual historic development. The law of Christ, involving perfect human justice, is constantly changing future possibilities into present facts. Previous to the time of Christ, and indeed for some centuries after his coming, eminent women in several countries had seized position and privilege. The oppressions and innuendoes of Vedantic lore could not annihilate the metaphysical and mathematical power of the Hindu Lilirati, but scores of commentators have wearied themselves for ages in explaining, in a miraculous manner, such an exception to her sex. Aspasia defied the insults of actors and play-wrights, and unveiled her features in the streets of Athens as freely as under the blue heaven of her native isle. It was doubtless due, in a great measure, to the Empress Theodora, that in the reign of Justinian the Roman law underwent a favorable change. Unhappy were the women who died before the invention of the printing press! What the character of this Empress was, the insight and patience of some woman may yet reveal; but certainly history so far has not enlightened us. The woman whose first thought, when raised from a life of infamy to the throne of the world, was to save the wretched companions of her early career, even though she could not solve the problem she set to herself; the woman whose courage and presence of mind saved not merely Justinian, but the peace of the empire in the alarming sedition of 532 A. D., was a woman worth saving. Procopius, who was not too tender to put vile stories of her into his anecdotes, praises her

in his history ; and contemporaries did not hesitate to call pious the woman whom her husband, weak coward that he was, unceasingly regretted.

But position and privilege, seized after this Old-World fashion, however pleasant they may have proved to the individual, secured no position, opened no privilege to the sex. Fortunately for us, no daily record of womanly life at that period survives ; only now and then long-buried walls, covered with the street drawings of Pompeii, or abominable decorations of Old-World cathedrals, give to the instructed eye some dim vision of the depths out of which woman has arisen.

In England, centuries later, the general corruption of manners which characterized the Stuart Courts brought its own remedy. Women of surpassing beauty, or more than average ability, born to wealth and station, fell in groups before the prevailing contempt which classic studies and continental habits had not failed to nurture. But these women fell to find the tyranny of license no better than the tyranny of law ; and to learn, by a bitter experience, that restraints may be divine in their nature and effects. The first cry of the tortured victims was for education—education which should raise them to a certain social equality, and should defend them from the inevitable miseries of worn-out toys, whose use departed with their beauty ; and this cry met with a certain sort of response : for education, vocation, and civil position, were not yet linked by logic in the public mind.

Among those who took a high rank in this movement was Mary Astell, a woman distinguished for theological and literary labors, and the intimate friend of a celebrated Platonist, John Norris, of Bemerton. "A Letter to a Lady," in "Defence of the Female Sex," went through three editions in the year 1697. "A Proposal to Ladies, for the Advancement of their True Interests," composed by her, was so effectively written that a wealthy friend, supposed to be Lady Elizabeth Hastings, immediately offered £10,000 towards the erection of a college for the education of women ; and the scheme would have been carried into execution, but for the bigoted opposition of Bishop Burnet. Her "Reflections on Marriage" were said by a contemporary "to be the strongest defence that ever appeared in print, of the rights and abilities of her sex."

Between the death of Mary Astell, in 1731, and that of Mary

Wollstoncraft, in 1797, a great change occurred in the condition of European women. The noble names which lighted up the times of Elizabeth and the Commonwealth, were the names of women, who, in lofty social position, aided by wealth and the emulation of gifted men, amused their leisure with learning, as other women frittered theirs away at tapestry. But while these exceptions shone like bright particular stars, the flood of social corruption which issued from the Court overwhelmed in its waves the mass of the sex. They were more unfortunate than men, for civil and social requisitions forced even the idlest of courtiers into a healthier activity.

When the revolution put an end to frivolous maskings and unwomanly revels, the women, whom the sword had startled, began to think, and were won to listen to any schemes for employment and respectability. Mary Astell found her peers upon the continent; and in France and Germany leading women began to demand publicly, not merely learning for the few, but a good education for the many of the middle class; not yet, alas! not even *now*—a hundred years later—the common school or the college for the million.

So it happened that in the eighteenth century some hundreds of women distinguished themselves in various kinds; and in London, Berlin, and Paris, unfortunate husbands found themselves more than once sustained, in bankruptcy and broken health, by the highly educated wives, whom a previous century would have left powerless under the same circumstances. So the same century which welcomed Lady Russell and Elizabeth Hamilton, which clasped the circlet of Necker, De Staël, and Recamier, with the precious name of Madame Roland, which gave Meta to Klopstock, the Frau Rath to Göthe, Emily Plater to Poland, which had already promised Rachel to Vamhagen, found Elizabeth Blackwell studying midwifery in London, to support a beloved but dying husband; and when the prejudice of the Faculty took the bread out of her mouth, devising at the early age of twenty-four the first medical botany, which she published with magnificent illustrations in 1736. This century, also, saw Sybilla Merian, eminent alike as painter, engraver, linguist, and traveler, publish with the one hand an *Embroiderer's Guide*, while with the other she unfolded skilfully all the mysteries of insect-life, in two magnificent volumes, issued at Nuremberg in 1679 and 1683. When political

storms overtook her husband, and she was forced to retain her maiden name, she sailed for Surinam, with no companion but her young daughter, and after three years of labor published, at Amsterdam, sixty superb plates describing the metamorphoses of the insects of Surinam. Her original drawings still hang in the Stadthouse of Amsterdam, and decorate with their beauty some of the best cabinets in Europe. Her shining honor lay in the fact that when she died, in 1717, she left two daughters able and willing to continue her work.

In the same century the Paris sun shone on the little daughter of the apothecary, Bihéron, who, working restlessly over dead bodies in her chamber, perfected the common manikin, and was the first to unfold, by the help of prepared wax, the inner mysteries of the human frame. For the deductions which gave special lustre to the name of John Hunter, he was indebted to the girlish observations of Mary Catherine Bihéron, made eight years before the publication of his book.

The same century saw the calm sense and womanly instinct of Elizabeth Nihell, contending in London against the obstetrical quackeries of Godalmin and Smellie; and sustaining, unassisted by the best London physicians, the dignity of medical science: while, in Germany, Madame Wittembach made sweetmeats in her pantry, or wore away in the use of her needle the young hours of a life that was to culminate, ere its close, in the lustre of unchallenged Greek scholarship and professional distinction, accorded by the best qualified judges of her time.

These instances—not so remarkable, or they would be more widely known—show how the work went on, and also that it was chiefly educational in its nature, so that no honest womanly work could fail to help. Such was the aspect of affairs when, just one hundred years since, Mary Wollstonecraft was born—born to utter one wild, despairing cry for education; a passionate protest for her sex, against popular misapprehension and social injustice—born to melt, by the burning current of her words, the crust which had so long protected old insults and abuses. Few women of the present day know how much they owe to the strength and purpose of this one.

A "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" sounds like a hot argument for political rights; but read it, and you find only a claim for moral consideration—a protest against the sensual sen-

timentality which the public feeling still showed, when the name and sphere of the sex came under consideration.

Mary Wollstonecraft, it may be said, was no effective advocate, since a cloud rested on her own name, linked already to those of the French atheists; but when Mary Wollstonecraft published her book, slander and misapprehension had not had time to do their work, and it flashed upon the community with all the power of a noble effort made by a noble woman. True, wholesome words, spoken of life and marriage, of religion and duty, her appeal fell into the popular heart, redeeming what was left in it of soundness, and producing an effect, both social and literary, which may be traced emphatically for more than twenty years—and, by a discerning eye, to a far later period.

What did the public know of her? Only that she had succeeded a dying mother, sustained a bankrupt father, educated her sisters, and provided for her brothers—only that she was faithful to old friends, and grateful to new ones. So they read her book, and it did its work, let bigotry and the old church say what it might. Its historic significance was soon manifested, as the names of Maria Edgeworth, Sidney Morgan, Harriet Martineau, and Anna Jameson, dawned on the period that intervened between her life and that of Margaret Fuller. What an advance in the womanly ideal—what a change in the social atmosphere, is indicated by the mere mention of any one of them! The influence of Mary Astell and her compeers had roused woman to an effort after *general* education: Mary Wollstonecraft gave *special* impetus to this common effort. One of the first results of this impetus was the publication of hundreds of books concerning women, and the translation of the best works women had written, in any sort, in any tongue—such as the mathematical works of Cunitz and Agnesi, the theses of Wittembach and others. Then followed the special character of the culture which the women then developing began to show. As positively as Anna Jameson gave herself to art, and Maria Edgeworth to morals, did Harriet Martineau dedicate herself to political economy, and Von Heidenreich to obstetrics.

Such lives on the Continent, no less than in England, roused the public mind to thought; and everywhere the "Sphere of Woman" came to be discussed, and much nonsense to be talked. Even the Hungarians, in the midst of revolutions, paused to dic-

tate to the sex, and French and English journals dilated with the theme, while in Sweden serious minds were turned toward the old abuses, and Frederika Bremer was preparing for that visit to the West, which was to strike the first blow for the effective emancipation of the daughters of Sweden. In the midst of a very general agitation in that western world, not yet culminating in conventions, not yet expressed through the desk, not yet justified in the medical profession by any distinguished name, Margaret Fuller grew up. Taught from the first to regard herself as the equal of men, totally incapable of considering the question of sex, so far as it concerned the fitness of thought, speech, or deed, it would have been strange if the world had not read her some hard lessons. Powers which would have challenged the homage of the world, directed by a manly energy, seemed at first only to arm that world against the loving, aspiring woman. Thrown by remote kinship, or personal proximity, into the society of some of the most distinguished men of her native State, she could not but recognize her own superiority to the best of them, in certain aspects. As a woman, it seemed impossible to accomplish anything; as a man, what might not have been achieved? But of this consciousness, such as it was, no bitter, unwomanly traces remain; only, on account of it, it was easy for her to interest herself in the "Great Lawsuit," and to round her statement later into the full proportions of the "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." Her personal feeling was fully met, when she laid her head upon the heart of her husband; and through him sweet mother Nature finally appeased the hunger which no classic lore, no æsthetic culture, no contact with the wide world of social welcome, or resounding fame, had power to sate. Nor let any woman blush to make this confession for her. What was true of her, has been as true of the best cultured manhood. Gibbon seized his pen, overshadowed by the majestic sweep of those historic periods which were to ring in the ears of untold generations, and wrote to his friend: "It is finished—but *I am alone*." And Göthe, who had mastered human experience, and glorified it in the eyes of a passing and rising generation—Göthe, who permitted himself to feel only so far as it would serve him to know, wrote in the same mood: "My life has had no fitting aim—I am weary of it all."

From Margaret Fuller flowed forth the first clear, uncompromising, scholarly demand for civil rights for her sex. What she

wrote was the offspring of deliberate reflection, and took its place at once in the world of letters. The fearlessness of her suggestions, the mobility of her style, and the affluence of her illustrations, won her wide audience; and the effect of her paper was seen, not only in the inspiration communicated to minds of smaller grasp,—now by her thoroughly aroused to the work of — emancipation, — but in that general demand for freedom of vocation, made evident to the public mind by names like those of Mrs. Griffith, Caroline Chisholm, Florence Nightingale, Janet Taylor, Mary Carpenter, Dorothea Dix, Elizabeth Blackwell, Mary Patton, and Harriet Hosmer.

Since Margaret wrote, the work has gone steadily on, and more and more all the labor of the world opens to woman's touch. The question of woman's work is at this moment in the ascendancy; and whatever relates to it, meets immediate welcome and response. "Let them be sea-captains, if they will!" has given the practical bias to all recent consideration of this subject.

The women of whom we have spoken in this relation have been exponents of their age; the spirit of the time, the thought of the masses, crystalized itself in them.

"They builded better than they knew."

Since 1848, when a small convention was held at Seneca Falls, in the State of New York, the demand for civil equality has been steadily pressed in the United States. It has been made with much eloquence, with varied ability, by women whose names are now familiar as household words; and without formal organization, there has come to be in these United States a wide-spread and generally acknowledged "Woman's Rights Party."

This party demand —

First, Absolute freedom in education; absolute, unquestioned access to all public institutions, to all libraries and museums, to all means of culture—artistic, æsthetic, scientific, or professional.

Second, Absolute freedom of vocation; and this freedom involves such a change in public thinking as shall make it honorable for all women to work, not merely for bread, for the support of husband or child, but for fame—for money—for work's own sake, as men work.

Third, Absolute equality before the law, which, of course, involves the right of suffrage.

Education and vocation have found their exponents in the past,

but there is still required a woman, capable of stating, from a woman's point of view, the present position of woman before the Law. When this is once fitly done, it will level the last defence of the feudal Past. Woman's past condition, in all civilized countries, has been the outgrowth of early oriental and later classic influences. The present attempt to emancipate her is a popular effort to overthrow them, and enthrone at their expense the Common Sense of the nineteenth century, the religious instincts of Jesus, and the intellectual aspirations which persist in the demand. With the first moment of victory will be inaugurated a new freedom for man also. Looking back through the ages, in the light of Christian love, he will criticise the spirit which has so far tyrannized over him. He will forget the coarse insults of the Greek comedy, and the Latin satirist, as he sees in his wife his fellow-citizen and fellow-laborer, as well as his friend.

Reaching forward to the future, he will claim for her, and not only for her, but far more for his daughters, that absolute inheritance of God's world, that absolute field for thought and action which no woman has yet known. And woman? Emancipated by Love and Faith, free to accept or reject the ministries about her, she will perceive more clearly than ever the relation of man's life to her own. Recognizing, as opportunity evolves them, her duty to society and the State, marriage will gain a still diviner significance, and the security of public virtue be found in the assurance of private happiness.

Margaret Fuller told the whole story when she said: "Let principles be once firmly established, and particulars will adjust themselves."

C. H. D.

THE VOICE THAT SINGS.

[From Constant.]

THE prayer of persevering faith is a hymn of sacrifice; the sigh of the sorrow that hopes is a chant of resignation, "the desire of the night for the morning," and the outgoing of charity is one prolonged canticle of love!

Glory to God in the heavens, and on Earth peace to the men of good will!

The Voice that Sings is the prayer of the world — it is the morning

hymn, announcing the awakening of the ages, as the song of birds heralds the opening of the day !

The martyrs sang amid their punishments, for the faith in their souls felt itself immortal, like the Phoenix, and resumed a new youth amid the flames of the stake. The poetry of the soul awakens harmonies in the last dying sighs of the just, and sings, like the swan of our fable, its passage to other realms of life.

All that smiles in Nature, all that blooms in the solar year, all that shines in the firmament, speaks and answers to the Voice that Sings. Beauty all robed in light, and crowned with flowers, warbles the overture to the opera of Love ; the Earth adorns herself like a bride in her May, and sings by the voice of her forests ; the Sea also lifts to the sky the stern bass tones of its billowy organ ; the Sun has seen all the woe of our world, and his brow is radiant still ; he listens to the music of the spheres, and sheds a soul of harmony and love in every beam of light and heat.

Leave, then, in tears those children of the earth who feel but present pain, nor dream of good to come. But you, children of heaven, poets of charity, of hope and faith—you, who could see the world broken to pieces without ceasing to bless God in the midst of its ruins, prophet consolors, sing, sing ever !

The Voice that Sings hushes to sleep the little babe's cry ; sing, poets, sing for the isolated hearts whom none understand nor console.

The Voice that Sings cheers up the laborer, and aids him to bear the burdens of the day ; sing, consolors of the people ; sing for those whose arms grow weary, while nothing smiles within their hearts.

The Voice that Sings perpetuates worship here on earth ; sing, little birds, for you have wings ; sing, little children, for you have a mother ; sing, poor captives and poor orphans, for you have a God who watches over you, and who counts your tears !

Ye who are happy, sing to bless the Father Eternal ; ye who suffer, sing to conquer pain, for it can not last forever !

That religions be confounded, and perish of decrepitude ; that philosophers grope amid the shadows of doubt ; that selfishness petrify the victims of its chill embrace—what matters it, while in your hearts we hear the Voice that Sings !

Let us love, and the life of our hearts shall be a song-burst of goodness towards all ; for love is all harmony : and if you ask me what is this Voice that Sings, I will answer—It is the Voice of Love, the Believer.

LIGHT AND NIGHT.
—

Out through the loom of light,
When comes the morning white,
Beams, like the shuttle's flight,
Other beams follow,
Up the dawn's rays so slant,
Forth from his roof and haunt,
Darts the swart swallow.

Back, like the shuttle's flight,
Sink the gold beams at night;
Threads in the loom of light
Grow dark in the woof;
All the bright beams that burn
Sink into sunset's urn;
Swallows at night return
Home to their roof.

Thus we but tarry here
A moment, a day, a year—
Appearing, to disappear—
Grosser things spurning,
Departing to whence we came,
Leaving behind no name—
Like a wild meteor flame,
Never returning.

Back to the home of God
Soul after soul departs,
And the enfranchised hearts
Burst through the sod;
Death does but loose the girth
Buckling them on to earth,
Promethean rack!

Then from the heavy sod,
Swift to the home of God,

The Soul, like the Shuttle and Swallow, flies back.

The Swallow, Shuttle, Soul, and Light,
All things that move or have a breath,
Return again to thee at night—
To thy dark roof, O ancient Death!

W. W. F.

FEMININE SOVEREIGNTY.

INTERPRETED BY THE BIRDS.

It is the world of birds which offers to the observation of the philosopher the most numerous and charming examples of order in amorous liberty, of conjugal fidelity and maternal devotion. The history of swallows and pigeons, of swans, and even of house sparrows, swarms with inconsolable Artemisias and Niobes, who allow themselves to die of hunger and of grief beside bodies of their dead spouses or their slain children, and who do not make of their mourning the occasion of a crisis in business, like some who might be named among mortals.

Whoever has not seen the hen, the turkey, the partridge, and the quail, defend their young, can have but a moderate idea of heroism. A man who should display but once in the course of his career as a citizen, the tenth part of that devotion which these poor creatures exhibit at any moment of their lives to assure the safety of their tender broods, would have places of honor at all the theatres during his life, and statues in the forums after his death. A partridge that drags her wings and feigns to be wounded before the dog, that leaps in his face and picks at his eyes; a shrike that puts to flight, by the vigor of her resistance, the loafing truant who has meditated the invasion of her domicile; the swan, which will not let a cavalcade drink at the stream near her little ones—all these poor mothers, whose existence is one long series of heroic acts and sublime devotions, would have much trouble to understand our admiration for the Athenian Codrus or Roman Curtius. Is that all? they would say, when you had brayed into their ears, as into ours, the merit of these persons.

There is no case known among the feathered bipeds where a mother has willingly abandoned her young, except under main force. The cases of infanticide, so common with the sow, with the rabbit, and with the human species, are so rare with the birds that such of the learned as are most worthy of faith, contest their existence. These cases of infanticide, moreover, could not in any issue be attributed to the mothers: they must be exclusively due to the amorous brutality of the males, which destroy the young ones as they break the eggs, in order to regain possession of the females. If some birds of prey drive their young from the

eyrie too soon, it is because they have not the means of meeting the expenses of their education.

If infanticide is a crime unknown among birds, charity on the other hand is practiced among them towards lost children with a fervor which shames our philanthropy. Place in any window a young sparrow orphaned and lost from its home; immediately all the fathers and mothers in the neighborhood will come one after another to fetch it a bill full. Little creatures hardly weaned from their own nests, and yet without families, will profit by the opportunity to make their experiments in maternity. Noble and touching inspiration of the sentiment of universal solidarity, which man will not fail to exploit, with inexcusable barbarity!

Thus act most of the little birds friendly to man, the chaffinch, the linnet, the swallow. The vulgar idea that the parents of the captive orphan bring it poison in order to withdraw it by death from the torments of captivity, is as stupid a prejudice as that which supposes the children of the executioner condemned by the law to practice their father's profession.

The birds do not kill their children from tenderness — such Roman, Spartan, or Jewish virtues are repugnant to their manners; they are simple enough to keep the child with a cold in its head, rather than pull off its nose. The parents do not poison their young, as ignorance asserts; only when these ones have already tasted a little of the charms of liberty, instead of merely bringing them food and consolation, they bring them counsels to escape; and the poor captives, who are already but too much inclined to sadness, soon feed only on desires and ardent regrets, and end by sinking under a twofold weariness of spirit and body.

Maternal charity goes so far among birds that it degenerates into abuse and amounts to suicide. Thus the red-throat, the bunting, the hedge-sparrow, in whose nest the female of the cuckoo has laid her egg, sacrifice the interest and even the existence of their own families, to the voracity of the bastard parasite, introduced by fraud into their nest. The cuckoo is too faithful an emblem of the loafing classes, who are inefficient at any kind of work themselves, and whom Nature would condemn to die of hunger, if labor were not condemned to nourish idleness. The red-throat and the bunting, who rear the young cuckoo to the detriment of their own family, symbolize the poor country girls

who are obliged to refuse to the fruit of their own womb the milk of their breasts, in order to sell it to the children of rich strangers. The female of the cuckoo is the incomplete woman who despises the joys of maternity, and accepts love only under the aspect of worldly position.

The genius of maternal love which reveals to the female of the bird her eminent faculties as a workwoman and artist, endows her at the same time with courage to defend her young family, and with foresight to shelter it against the storms which threaten its safety.

Wisdom and love can not easily be allied with more firmness than is shown by the female bird.

Do not suppose that as soon as there is promise of marriage between two turtle-doves or sparrows, the lover is forthwith invested with all the rights of the husband. A word in the air, and a cavatina more or less well trilled, is not enough to triumph over her resistance. She does not understand trifling about such matters, and will only yield to the amorous entreaties of her betrothed after she has given the last stroke of her bill to her nest. Knowing that love will bring the family after it, she has the force to control her senses, and to retard her defeat until the day when the possession of a domicil shall have completely reassured her as to the consequences of her weakness, and the future of her young.

Every one understands the irony of the allusion, and knows the class of lovers to whom the bird here gives a lesson. I will not be so cruel as to turn the steel in the wound, and to send the epigram to its address. It is very easy, in fact, to impose constraint when it is known that the pleasure is only a little delayed, when for securities of our approaching happiness we have fortune, the spring-time, abundance of insects, and a house of one's own; and the birds who possess all this and the rest, speak of it quite at their ease. But I would like to know how they would listen to the voice of wisdom and of foresight, were they in our place, poor proletaries for whom love is the only consolation of this world, and the only luxurious fancy which does not transcend our means.

— From Toussenel, by M. E. L.

A DRAMA ON THE SEA-SHORE.

[From the Philosophical Studies of Honoré de Balzac.]

THE young have a compass with which they like to measure the future. When their will accords with the boldness of the angle which they open, the world is theirs. But this phenomenon of intuition occurs only at a certain age. From the twenty-second to the twenty-eighth year of man's life is the age of great thoughts, the age of first conceptions; because it is the age of immense desires, the age when we doubt of nothing: doubt is but another name for impotence. After this age, transient as the season of seed-sowing, comes that of execution. There are, in a manner, two youths—the youth during which we believe, and the youth during which we act. These often coincide in men favored by Nature, who are, like Cæsar, Newton and Bonaparte, greatest among the great.

I was measuring the time required by a thought for its development, my compass in my hand, standing upon a rock, a hundred yards above the ocean whose waves broke upon its ledges, and I threaded the maze of my future, enriching it with works, like an engineer who on vacant ground traces fortresses and palaces. The sea was splendid. I had just taken a fine swim, and awaited Pauline, my guardian angel, who was bathing in a granite alcove floored with fine sand—the most coquettish dressing-room that ever Nature fashioned for her fairies of the surf.

We were at the end of the Croisic, a delicate peninsula of Bretagne. We were far from the port, in a place left unguarded by the revenue cutters, because it is regarded as too inaccessible even for smugglers. To float in the air, after having swum in the sea! Ah! who would not have launched into the future! Why was I thinking? Why does sorrow come? Who knows? Ideas fall on your heart, or on your head, without consulting you. Never was coquette more fantastic or imperious, than is conception for artists; we must seize it like fortune, by its full-flowing locks, when it comes. Astride upon my thought like Astolfo on his hippogriff, I was galloping then through the world and disposing of all at my will. As I sought around me some presage for those audacious constructions which my mad imagination counseled me to undertake, a pretty cry, the note of a woman who calls you in the silence of the desert, the voice of a woman issuing from the

bath, reënimated, joyous, rose above the murmur of that fluctuating fringe which the billows ever wove upon the sallies of the beach.

This note, breaking fresh from the soul on my ear, seemed to show me in the rocks the foot of an angel, who, opening his wings, had exclaimed, "Thou wilt succeed." I descended radiant, light. I bounded like a pebble in glancing down the slope. When she saw me, she asked, "What is in you?" I made no answer, but my eyes were moist. Last night Pauline had understood my griefs, as now she understood my joy, with the magical sensibility of a harp which obeys the variations of the atmosphere. Human life has brilliant moments! In silence we moved along the beach. The sky was cloudless, and the sea as fair. Others might have seen but two blue plains one above the other; but we who heard each other's voices without having spoken; we who, between these two shores of the infinite, launched those illusions in which youth disports—we clasped each other's hands at the least changes presented, either by the sheet of water or the sheets of air, taking these light phenomena for the material translations of our twofold thought. Who has not tasted in pleasures that moment of unlimited joy, when the soul seems to be freed from the bonds of flesh, and to find itself again as if restored to the world whence it came? Not pleasure alone is our guide into these regions. Are there not hours in which our sentiments intertwine themselves and bound away there like two children who take each other by the hand and begin to run without knowing why? Thus we went on.

As the roofs of the town appeared, a greyish line on the horizon, we met a poor fisherman returning to Croisic. His feet were bare, his linen breeches tattered in the legs, in holes and badly patched; then he had a shirt of sail-cloth, shreds of listing for suspenders, and a rag for a vest. This misery hurt us, its dissonance breaking upon our harmonies. We looked at each other plaintively for not having at that moment the power to draw from the treasures of Aboul Casem. We observed a superb lobster and a sea-spider hung by a cord, which the fisherman swung in his right hand, while with the other he held his baits and fishing tackle. We accosted him with the intention of purchasing his shell-fish—an idea which struck us both at once, and was expressed by a smile, to which I answered by a light pressure on the arm that I held, and which I drew nearer my heart. It is of these nothings that memory afterwards makes poems; when near the fire we recall the

hour this *nothing* moved us, the place where it happened, and that mirage whose properties have not yet been explained by physicians, but which so often plays over the objects that surround us at moments when life is light, and when our hearts are full. Sites the most lovely are but what we make them.

What man, ever so little a poet, finds not in his souvenirs some mass of rock that holds a place more cherished there than the most celebrated landscape, sought at great expense.

Near this rock, tumultuous thoughts ; there, a whole life employed. There fears were dissipated, and rays of hope descended into the soul. At this moment, the Sun, sympathizing with these thoughts of love, or of the future, has cast on the tawny sides of this rock, an ardent light ; some mountain flowers called attention, the calm and the silence enlarged this anfractuosity, sombre in reality, colored by the dreamer ; then it was beautiful with its scant vegetation, its warm chamomillas, its hair of Venus with the velvet leaves ; a festival prolonged, magnificent decorations, happy exaltation of human forces ! Once already the Lake of Brienne, seen from the isle of Saint Peter, had thus spoken to me ; the rock of Croisic will perhaps be the last of these joys ! But then what will become of Pauline ?

" You have had good luck this morning, my brave fellow ? " said I, to the fisherman.

" Yes, sir," replied he, as he stood and turned upon us a face sunburned by habitual exposure to the reverberation of light from the water. This countenance expressed habitual resignation, the patience and gentleness of the true fisherman, his voice had no coarseness, his lips were well turned ; no ambition in the face, but its whole expression enlisted compassion without forfeiting respect.

" Where are you going to sell that ? "

" In town."

" How much will they give you for the lobster ? "

" Fifteen cents."

" For the sea-spider ? "

" Twenty cents."

" Why such a difference between the lobster and the spider ? "

" The spider is much more delicate ! besides, it is as cunning as a monkey, and does not often get caught."

" Will you give us all for a dollar ? " said Pauline.

The man looked petrified.

"You shall not have it!" said I, laughing. "I will give two dollars. We ought to pay a fair price for our emotions."

"Well," replied she, "I *will* have it; I give two dollars, two cents."

"Ten cents."

"Two, fifty."

"Three dollars."

"Three, ten."

"Twenty dollars."

"Thirty."

I bowed; we were not at this moment rich enough to bid higher. Our poor fisherman knew not whether he ought to be vexed at a *mystification*, or to rejoice. We drew him out of his trouble by giving him the name of our hostess, and recommending him to carry her the lobster and the spider.

"Do you earn your living?" I asked, wishing to know the cause of his destitution.

"With trouble and misery enough," said he. "This fishing on the sea shore, without either boat or net, is an uncertain trade. We must await the fish or shell-fish there, while the big fishermen go after them in the open sea. It is such a hard life, that I am the only man who fishes on this shore. I pass whole days without getting anything, unless some sea-spider oversleeps itself, like this one, or some lobster be careless enough to remain on the rocks. Sometimes after heavy gales the seas strand large fish, and I grab them."

"Well, on the whole, taking luck as it comes, how much do you make by your day's work?"

"From a dime to a shilling. I could get along so if I were alone, but I have my father to feed, and the good man can not help me: he is blind."

At these words, simply uttered, Pauline and I looked at each other without speaking.

"You have a wife or a sweetheart?"

He raised his eyes on us with one of the most deploring expressions I have ever seen, answering, "If I had a wife, I should have to forsake my father; I could not feed him and a wife and children besides."

"Well! my poor boy, why do you not try to earn more by carrying salt at the port, or in working at the salt-marshes?"

"Ah! sir, I should not hold out three months. I am not strong enough; and if I died, my father would be left a beggar. I must keep to a business that requires only a little skill and much patience."

"And how can two persons live on twelve cents a day?"

"Oh, sir, we eat cakes of buckwheat, and barnacles that I break off from the rocks."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Have you ever been abroad?"

"Once I went to Guérande, to draw my lot for the army; and went to Savenay, to show myself before those gentlemen who measured me. If I had been an inch taller, I should have been a soldier. I should have broken down at the first fatigue and my poor father would now be begging his bread."

We walked on a little way in silence, both of us sounding the mute depth of this unknown life, admiring the nobility of that devotion which ignored itself. The strength of this feebleness astonished us; this generous poverty dwarfed our fairer fortunes beside it. I beheld this purely instinctive creature chained to his rock like a galley-slave, watching these twenty years for the shell-fish that nourished him, and sustained in the patience of his soul by one sentiment. How many hours wasted on the beach, how many hopes baffled by a flaw of wind, by a change of weather! Hanging to the corner of a granite ledge, his arm stretched out like a Hindoo fakir's, while his father, seated on a stool, awaited in silence and darkness the coarsest of shell-fish and bread, if so pleased the sea.

"Do you ever drink wine?" I asked him.

"Three or four times a year."

"Well, you shall drink some to-day—you and your father; and we will send you a loaf of white bread."

"You are very kind, sir."

"You shall dine with us, if you will guide us along the beach to Batz, where we go to see the tower that overlooks the basin on the coast between Batz and the Croisic."

"With pleasure, sir. Continue straight along; I will rejoin you after I have put away my fish and tackle."

We gave a sign of assent, and he sprang forward, lighter of heart, towards the town.

—This meeting sustained the passional altitude that we had reached, yet sobered its gaiety.

"Poor man," said Pauline, with that accent which extracts from a woman's compassion the venom of pity; "are we not ashamed to be happy in sight of such misery?"

"No cruelty like that of impotent desire," I replied. "These two unfortunate beings will no more know the keenness of our sympathy than the world knows the beauty of their life, for they lay up treasures in heaven."

"Poor country!" said she, pointing to the piles of dung laid symmetrically along a wall built of stones without mortar. "I was asking what they did that for; a peasant woman answered me that *she was making wood*. Can you imagine, my friend, that this is all these poor folks have to cook and warm themselves by? In the winter-time they are sold like motts of turf. And then what do you think the best seamstress is paid here for her day's work? — Five cents," said she, after a pause; "but she has her meals."

"These sea-winds, you observe," I answered, "dry up or overturn everything; there are no trees; the wrecks of condemned vessels are sold to the rich; for the price of transportation doubtless prevents them from burning here the wood with which Brittany still abounds. This country is only good for great souls; the heartless crowd can not subsist here — it can only be inhabited by poets or by barnacles. They had to establish the salt mart here, in order to fix a population at all. Before us, the sea — here, the sands — above, space."

We had already passed the town, and were in that sort of desert which separates the Croisic from the Bourg of Batz. Imagine a level of six miles filled with the glittering sands of the sea-shore. Here and there a few rocks raised their tops, looking like some gigantic animals reposing on the beach. Others below, around which played the billows, broke great white roses from their crests and crowned themselves with foam. Beholding this sea-girt savannah, the ocean to its right, and forming again to the left a lake between the Croisic and the sandy heights of Guérande, below which lie barren salt-marshes, I turned to Pauline, asking her if her courage could rise to the glow of this noon and her patience not sink in these sands.

"I have good gaiter boots on. Come, then," said she, point-

ing to the tower of Batz, which stood warder of the landscape like a pyramid—a pyramid withal so carved and tastefully ornate, that fancy was seduced to picture there the earliest ruin of some great city of the East. We soon gained a seat beside a rock, in the shade that ebbd towards noon-tide at our feet.

"How fine this silence is," said she; "how it deepens beneath the regular pulse of the sea on this beach!"

"If you surrender your mind to the three immensities which encircle us—the water, the air, and the sands,—listening exclusively to the repeated sounds of the flux and the reflux," I replied, "you will not be able to bear its language: you will seem to discern there a thought that overpowers you. It is Nature ignoring the personality of Man. It seized me yesterday at sunset—this sensation,—and it broke my spirit within me."

"Oh! yes, let us talk," said she, after a long pause.—"No orator is more terrible. I seem to discover the causes of the harmonies that ensphere us," she resumed. "This landscape, which has but three decided colors—the shining yellow sands, the blue sky, and the smooth green of the sea, is grand, without being wild—immense, yet not a desert—a monotone, yet not fatiguing. It has but three elements; it is varied."

"A woman only thus interprets Nature. You would be the despair of a poet, in dissipating that veil of mystery behind which he shapes his creations; yet you are worth them all, and in divining you, have I not robbed the Sphynx of all her terrors?"

"The glow of noon now casts on these three expressions of the infinite a fierceness of color," said she, laughing, "that renders the poetry and the passions of the East."

"With despair for their background," said I.

"Yes, this beach is a sublime cloister."

We heard the hurried steps of our guide. He had put on his Sunday's best. We addressed a few insignificant words to him. He perceived our change of mood, and with the natural delicacy of solitude and misfortune, forbore to break upon it. We proceeded then in silence, holding each other by the hand like two children; for under that heat and in those deep sands we could not have made a dozen paces arm in arm. There was no road to Batz; the wind effaced all tracks from day to day. Only the practiced eye of our guide could follow its windings, now seaward, now landward, or turning around rocks. At noon we were only half way.

"We will rest down yonder," said I, pointing to a promontory composed of rocks high enough to give the idea that we should find a grotto there.

The fisherman, whose eye had followed mine, gave a shrug, replying, "Somebody lives there. Passengers going and coming between Batz and the Croisic all make a circuit, to avoid that spot."

These words, in an undertone, implied some mystery.

"Is it then a robber, an assassin?"

Our guide answered only by a deep drawn breath, which increased our curiosity.

"But if we pass there, will any harm come to us?"

"Oh! no."

"Will you come with us?"

"No, sir."

"We will go, then, if you assure us that we run no risk."

"I do not say that," replied he, quickly. "I only say that the person you will find there will say nothing to you, and will do you no harm: he will not so much as stir from the place where he stands."

"Who is it, then?"

"A man!"

* But never were two syllables uttered with so tragic an expression.

At this moment we were at twenty paces from that reef within which the waves were tossing. Our guide took the circuit of the rocks, we walked straight on, but Pauline took my arm. Our guide quickened his pace so as to meet us where the two roads joined.

Doubtless he thought that we should do the same when we had seen the man. This kindled our curiosity afresh, until it almost bordered on fear, as we knew by the beating of our hearts. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, and the fatigue of wading through the sands, the ineffable languor of a harmonious ecstasy still possessed our souls, the very music of pleasure, pure and copious, such as Mozart's *andiamo mio ben* diffuses with its notes. For two pure sentiments that blend, are they not indeed like two fine voices that sing in unison?

To appreciate truly the emotion we then felt, you must share the half voluptuous state into which the *events* of our morning had plunged us. Admire for a long time a pretty turtle-dove, swaying

on a limber branch near a spring, in the woods : you will utter a cry of pain on seeing a sparrow-hawk pounce upon it, bury its talons in its breast, and whirl it away with the murderous rapidity of a bullet. When we had stepped into the space before the grotto, a kind of balcony a hundred feet above the sea, and defended against its rage by a cascade of steep rocks, we started, as in hearing some strange and sudden noise break upon the silence of midnight. On a block of granite sat a man who had looked at us. His glance, like the flame of a cannon, issued from blood-shot eyes, and his stoic immobility could only be compared with that of the granite piles around him. His eyes moved slowly, his body remained fixed as though he had been petrified ; then, after having cast that look which had so startled us, he lifted his eyes again over the expanse of ocean and gazed on it, notwithstanding the dazzling gleam of its reflections, as eagles gaze upon the Sun, without winking. Call to your mind one of those old scathed oaks whose knotty trunk, recently stripped of its branches, raises its weird pillar on a deserted road. It was one of those Herculean forms, ruined, a face of the Olympian Jupiter, but marred by age, by the rude labors of the sea, by sorrow, by coarse food, and withal as if charred by lightning. The sinews of those hard and hairy hands stood out like veins of iron.

In a corner of the grotto lay a pile of moss, and on the ledge of the rock, a stone pitcher, covered with a broken loaf. Never had my imagination, in visiting the deserts where the first anchorites of Christianity fixed their abode, drawn me a figure more grandly religious, nor more horribly penitent, than was that of this man. Yet this remorse itself was drowned in the waves of prayer, the ceaseless prayer of mute despair. This fisherman, this mariner, this rough Breton, was sublime by an unknown sentiment. Had those eyes wept ? Had that half-sculptured hand once struck ? That rude brow, stamped with a ferocious probity, and on which strength had yet not failed to leave the traces of that mildness which is the attribute of all true force ; that brow ploughed with wrinkles : was it in harmony with a great heart ? Why this man in granite ? Why the granite in this man ? Which was the man, or which the granite ? A flood of thoughts descended. As our guide had anticipated, we passed in silence, quickly ; he saw us moved with terror or fixed with astonishment, but simply said, " You have seen him ? "

"Who is this man?" I asked.

"They call him *the man of the vow*."

At these words our questioning eyes were bent upon the fisherman; he understood their mute language, and responded in the narrative which follows:

"Madam, the people of the Croisic and of Batz believe that this man is guilty of some crime, and that he is doing a penance imposed by a famous rector, before whom he went to make confession, beyond Nantes. Others believe that Cambremer (for that is his name) has a mischance which is catching by anybody that passes in the wind of him. Thus many folks look well to see from what quarter it blows, before going near his rock. If it is a *galerne*" (the sailor's term for northwest), said he, "they would not continue their route; if they were going to fetch a piece of the true cross, they return—they are afraid.

"But the rich folks of the Croisic say that Cambremer has made a vow; so he is called *the man of the vow*. He is there night and day, without change. Do you see, to the left, that wooden cross? He has planted it there as a sign that he has placed himself under the protection of God, of the Holy Virgin, and of the saints. He need not have used that sign, sir, for the fear he causes people makes him as safe from intrusion as if he were guarded by a regiment of soldiers. No word has passed his lips since he shut himself inside that rock. He lives on bread and water, which his brother's daughter brings him every morning. She is a dear little thing, twelve years of age, a pretty creature, gentle as a lamb, a very darling child. She has got [showing on his thumb] blue eyes *that long*, under curls like a cherub's. When you ask her, 'Tell me, Pérotte, (that means among us Pierrette, because she is vowed to St. Pierre, (St. Peter),—Cambremer's name is Peter, he has been her god-father,)'—'Tell us, now, Pérotte, what does your uncle say to you?' 'He don't say nuttin,' she answers; 'nuttin 'tall, nuttin.' 'Ah, well, what does he do to you?' 'He kiss me on my forehead, Sunday.' 'You ain't afeard on him?' 'Wat I 'feard for? ain't he my god-fader?' He would not have any other person fetch him food.

* "Dis donc, Pérotte, qué qui te dit ton oncle?" "Il ne me dit rin," qu'elle répond; "rin du tout, rin." "Eh, bien! qué qu'il te fait?" "Il m'embrasse au front le dimanche." "Tu n'en a pas peur?" "Ah, ben! qu'a dit'il est mon parrain."

Pérotte pretends that he smiles when she comes ; but it's like the sun at midnight, for they say that he's always under a black cloud."

"But," said I, "you excite our curiosity without satisfying it. Do you know what has brought him here? Is it grief? Is it repentance? Is it madness? Is it a crime? Is it"—

"Ah, sir! only my father and I know the truth of this matter. My dear mother, dead and gone, was servant to a magistrate who received Cambremer's confession, by order of the priest who gave him absolution only on this condition. My poor mother heard Cambremer, without meaning to do it, because the magistrate's kitchen is next beside his office: she listened to it! She is dead; the judge is dead also. My mother made us promise, my father and me, not to say anything about it to the country folks; but I can tell you that the evening my mother related that, it shrivelled up the hair on my head."

"Ah, well, tell us that, my lad: we will speak of it to no one."

The fisherman looked at us, and continued thus: "Peter Cambremer, whom you have seen there, is the eldest of the Cambremers, who are sailors from father to son; their name tells it—the *sea* has always bent beneath them [*Cambre*, to arch or bend; *mer*, the sea]. The man you have seen was a boat fisherman. He had barques, went to fish for Sardines; he caught also large fish for the merchants. He would have fitted out a vessel for the cod-banks, but he loved his wife too well. She was a beautiful woman, a Brouin of Guérande, a splendid girl, and had a good heart. She loved Cambremer so dearly, that she had never been willing for him to leave her more than long enough for the Sardine fishery. They dwelt down yonder. See," said he, climbing up the rocks, to show us an isle in the little mediterranean, that lies between the downs where we were walking, and the salt marshes of Guérande; "do you see that house? It was his. Jeannie Brouin and Cambremer had but one child, a boy, whom they loved . . . like what shall I say? dame!—as one loves an only child; they were crazy about him. How many a time we have seen them at the fair, buying the prettiest trinkets for their little Jack! It was folly, every one told them so. The little Cambremer, seeing that everything was allowed him, became as wicked as a red ass. When any one had said to father Cambremer, 'Your son has nearly killed little Harry, or little Frank,' he would laugh and say, 'Bah! He will be a tall sailor! he will command the king's fleets.' Another: 'Peter Cambre-

mer, do you know that your boy has spoiled the little Pougard girl's eye?' 'He will like the girls soon enough!' answered Peter. He found everything good. Then my little wild cat, by his tenth year, was fighting every body, and amused himself with cutting chickens' heads off; he would open the bellies of pigs, he rioted in blood like a weasel. 'He will make a famous soldier!' said Cambremer; 'he has a taste for blood.' I remember all that,—and Cambremer does too," added he, after a pause.

"At fifteen or sixteen years of age Jack Cambremer was—what?—a shark. He used to go and amuse himself at Guérande, or to court the girls at Savenay; made the specie fly. Then he went to stealing from his mother, who durst not speak of it to her husband. Cambremer was a man honest enough to walk twenty miles to return a few cents, that might have exceeded his due in settling an account. Finally, one day, the mother had nothing left. While his father was off fishing, the son took all the furniture and bed-clothes out of the house, leaving nothing but the four bare walls; he had sold everything, to go and frolic at Nantes. The poor woman wept over it day and night. She would have to tell that to the father on his return. She was afraid of the father; not on her own account, though, bless you! When Peter Cambremer returned and saw his house furnished with the things folks had lent to his wife, he said, 'What does this mean?' The poor woman was more dead than alive; she said, 'We have been robbed.' 'Where is Jack, then?' 'Jack, he is on a spree.' No one knew where the scamp had gone. 'He amuses himself too much,' said Peter. Six months afterwards, the poor father knew that his son was about to be seized by justice at Nantes. He makes the journey on foot, gets there sooner than by sea, puts his hand on his son and brings him back here. He did not ask him what he had done. He said to him, 'If you don't behave yourself for two years, here with your mother and me, you will have an account to settle with me.' The besotted youth, counting on the folly of his father and mother, answered with a grin. Peter, thereupon, struck him a slap in the face that laid Jack in bed for six months. The poor mother was near dying with grief. One evening, she was sleeping quietly beside her husband, when a noise roused her; she arose, and received the blade of a dirk in her arm. She cried out. They struck a light. Peter Cambremer saw his wife wounded; he believed it was a robber—as if there

were any in our country, where you may carry ten thousand francs in gold from the Croisic to St. Nazaire, without having any one ask you what you have under your arm ! Peter looked for Jack. He did not find his son. In the morning this monster had the impudence to return, saying that he had gone to Batz. You must know that the mother could not tell where to hide her money. Cambremer kept his with Mr. Dupotel, of the Croisic. The follies of their son had consumed hundreds of francs and louis-d'ors — they were nearly ruined ; and this was hard for people who had owned something like twelve thousand francs, with their little island. Nobody knows what Cambremer paid at Nantes to get his son back. Ill luck was in the family. Cambremer's brother had been unfortunate and needed help. Peter told him, to console him, that Jack and Pérotte (the daughter of the younger Cambremer) should marry. Then, to help him earn his bread, he employed him in the fishery. Joseph Cambremer's wife had died of the fever, and he had to pay for getting Pérotte nursed. Peter Cambremer's wife owed a hundred francs to different persons for this little one. She had saved up a Spanish coin in the wool of her mattress, writing above it, *For Pérotte*. She had had a fine education. She wrote like a notary, and had taught her son to write : this proved his ruin. No one knows how it happened, but that greedy Jack had snuffed out the gold, had taken it, and gone to frolic at the Croisic. The good man Cambremer, by a special chance, was sailing home in his barque. On going aboard, he saw a bit of paper, floating, picked it up, brought it to his wife, who fell backwards on reading her own written words. Cambremer said nothing, went to the Croisic, learned that his son was at the billiard table. Then he asked for the good woman who keeps the Café, and said to her, 'I had told Jack not to use a gold piece that he will change to pay you : return it to me — I will wait at the door and give you silver for it.' The good woman brought him the piece. Cambremer took it, saying, 'Good !' and returned home. The whole town knows that. But here is what I know, and what they only suspect in a general way. He told his wife to clean up their lower room ; he made fire in the chimney, lighted two candles, placed two chairs, one beside the other, and on the other side a stool. Then he told his wife to make ready his wedding suit and her own. He dressed himself. When he was dressed, he sought his brother, and desired him to watch before

the house, to give him warning if he heard a noise either on this shore or on the Guérande marshes. When his wife had had time to dress, he came in, loaded a gun, and hid it in the chimney corner. Here comes Jack; he came home late, he had drunk and played until ten o'clock; his uncle heard him hail from the point of Carnouf, went for him to the bank of the marsh, and rowed him over without a word. As he entered, his father said to him, 'Sit down there,' pointing to the stool. 'Thou art before thy father and thy mother whom thou hast offended, and who have to judge thee.' Jack began to blubber, for Cambremer's face was set in a singular fashion. The mother was stiff as an oar. 'If you cry, if you budge, if you don't hold yourself like a mast on that stool,' said Peter, pointing the muzzle of his musket at him, 'I kill you like a dog.' The son became dumb as a fish. The mother had not spoken. 'There,' said Peter to his son, 'is a paper that was folded round a Spanish gold piece; that gold piece was in your mother's bed; only your mother knew the place where she had put it. I found the paper on the water on my way home. You gave, this evening, that Spanish gold piece to Dame Fleurand at the Croisic, and your mother has not found her piece in her bed. Explain yourself.' Jack said that he had not taken his mother's gold piece, and that this one had been left over from Nantes. 'So much the better,' said Peter; 'how can you prove us that?' 'I had it.' 'You have not taken your mother's?' 'No.' 'Can you swear that on your eternal life?' He was going to swear it; his mother raised her eyes upon him and said, 'Jack, my child, take care; do not swear if it is not true; you can amend, repent; it is still time.' And she wept. 'You are a this and a that,' said he to her; 'you have always borne me ill-will.' Cambremer grew pale, and said, 'What you have just said to your mother will swell your account.' Come to the point! Do you swear?' 'Yes.' 'Hold,' said he; 'was there a cross on your piece? that cross which the Sardine merchant who gave it to me, had made on ours?' Jack sobered down, and the tears came. 'Enough,' said Peter; 'I do not mention what you have done before this: no Cambremer shall have to die on the gallows of the Croisic. Say your prayers, and let us make haste; a priest is coming to confess you.' The mother had gone out, so as not to hear her son condemned. When she was gone, Cambremer the uncle came with the rector of Piriac, to whom Jack would say

nothing. He was cunning—he knew his father well enough to know that he would not kill him without confession. ‘Thanks; excuse us, sir,’ said Cambremer to the priest, when he saw Jack’s obstinacy. ‘I wished to give my son a lesson, and ask you not to mention it. For you,’ said he to Jack, ‘if you do not amend, the first time now, it shall be the last, and I will make an end of it without your confession.’ He sent him to bed. The child believed that, and imagined that he could make up with his father. He slept; the father watched. When he saw that his son was sound asleep, he covered his mouth with tow, bandaged it tight with a strip of sail-cloth, then tied his hands and feet. ‘He raged, he wept blood,’ said Cambremer to the magistrate. The mother cast herself at the father’s feet. ‘He is judged, help me to put him in the boat.’ She refused. Cambremer put him in alone, bound him to the bottom of it, tied a stone around his neck, rowed out of the basin, gained the sea, and reached the rock where he is now. Then the poor mother, who had made her brother-in-law bring her over, cried in vain for grace! It was of no more use than feeding grass to a wolf. The moon was shining, she saw the father heave into the sea her son, who still clung to her entrails, and as there was no wind, she heard . . . blouf! Then nothing—no trace nor bubble: the sea is a famous guard, I tell you! In landing there where his wife was moaning, Cambremer found her almost dead; the two brothers placed her in the boat which had served for her son, and took her home round by the pass of the Croisic. Ah, well! La belle Brouin, as they called her, did not last eight days; she died, asking her husband to burn that cursed boat. Oh! he did it. He came to have as many minds as a girl; he did not know any longer what he wanted; he was unsteady in his gait, like a man that has drunk more wine than he can carry. Then he made a journey of ten days, and came back to set himself there where you saw him, and since he is there, he has not said a word.”

The fisherman gave us this story very briefly, and still more simply than I write it. These people make few reflections as they go along: they bring out the fact that has struck them, and render it as they feel it. This narrative was as sharply incisive as the blow of an axe.

“I shall not go to Batz,” said Pauline, as we arrived at the upper turn of the lake. We came back to the Croisic by the salt-marshes, through the perplexities of which the fisherman

guided us, holding his peace. The disposition of our souls was changed. We were both of us deep in the gloom of reflections which explained too well our first presentiment on seeing Cambremer. We had both of us sufficient experience of life, to divine, of these three lives, all that our guide had omitted. The misfortunes of these three beings were reproduced before us like the scenes of a drama, crowned by the father's expiation of his necessary crime. We dared not look towards the rock whence that fatal man spread fear over all the country. Some clouds dimmed the sky, a mist rose on the horizon, we walked in the midst of a Nature the most bitterly sombre that I ever have met with. Under foot, the ground appeared to suffer, to be diseased with those salt-marshes, like a strumous blotch.

There the soil is divided into squares of unequal form, all walled in by enormous banks of grey earth, laid and beaten in talus, full of bitter waters, upon which the salt forms. These ravines, formed by the hand of man, are divided within into beds, along which walk the workmen, furnished with long rakes, with which they skim this brine, and fetch upon round platforms, made from space to space, the salt, when it is fit to be stacked.

We coasted for two hours along this sober chess-board, where the salt chokes vegetation, and where we only saw, from distance to distance, a few *paludiers*, as the workmen who make the salt are here called.

These men, or rather this clan of Bretons, wear a special costume, a white jacket much like that of brewers. They marry among themselves, and there is no instance of a daughter of this tribe having married any other than a *paludier*. The gloomy aspect of these marshes, of which the mud was symmetrically raked, and this grey soil shunned by the Breton Flora, harmonized with the mourning of our souls.

When we arrived at the place where we pass the arm of the sea formed by the eruption of the waters into this bottom, and which feeds the salt-marshes, we perceived with pleasure the meagre vegetation that garnished the sands of the beach. In crossing it, arose amid the lake the island where the Cambremers had dwelt. We turned away our eyes.

On reaching our hotel, we remarked a *billiard table* in a low hall, and when we learned that this was the only public billiard room

at the Croisic, we made during the night our preparations for departure: the next morning found us at Guérande. Pauline was still sad, and I already felt the flame that burns my brain. I was so cruelly wrought upon by visions of these three beings, that she said to me: "Louis, write that, and throw it off from you."

I have obeyed.

M. E. L.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER III.—THE HUMAN HAND.

I SHALL introduce this subject, said the Doctor, by an Ichthyomyth. My learned Belgian friend, Dr. Megalosaurus has sent me this, with the following note:

"Megalosaurus to Einbohrer — Greeting:

"I send you this fragment of Fish Mythology, and would know what you can make of it. It was found in the diaphragm of a fossil saurus which was recently discovered in the hollow of a fossil tree in the Jura. It was translated from the Aqueous into the Terrestrial language by myself."

The fragment reads as follows:

"Saturn was a conservative, and during his reign made nothing but oysters. [Three cheers for Saturn, said Peter the pinner, for which he was sent out of the room.] An oyster was the first-born of Chaos and Night; there was thus no higher being beneath the gods than an oyster, for many æons — Saturn being afraid that if he once began creating higher forms, there would be no end to their improvement; and some of them might at length be great enough to dispute his own throne. But when, after the lapse of many Saturnian ages, the shoals of oysters were so great that they arose out of the waters and formed the dry land, Jupiter dethroned the old gentleman, his father Saturn, and being of the progressive party known as "Young Olympus," made a Fish. Thus commenced the Reign of Fishes in the earth. Saturn and his oysters were the standing jest of the Fishes. The idea of the earth's being filled with dumb Mollusks, when such an exalted being as a Fish was possible! Then there were perpetual comparisons of the laughable fixedness of the one, his softness,

imprisonment in a shell, general stupidity, with the activity, acumen, and freedom of the other in themselves. The Fishes believed the creation had at length reached its culmination. Pisces was in the zenith forever.

"Now, the Fishes celebrated every year the day on which Jupiter had dethroned Saturn. They believed, also, that he visited them every year, and was incarnated in the biggest Salmon they had, which was worshipped accordingly. It was a general day of holiday and thanksgiving. (In confirmation of the statement that the Fish have such a day, please see PLINY, *Piscatorius de Flybaito Hookiendis*. Tom. 1000, Sec. 7th.)

"On one occasion, in the year eight-billionths, when this festive day was at its height, and whilst Messrs. Gudgeon, Sturgeon, Pickerel, and Trout, were about to lead off a grand quadrille with Mrs. Capt. Cuttle-fish, and the Misses Pike, Perch, and Porpoise, under the brilliant light streaming from three 'wills-o'-the-wisp' hung tastefully about the room, suddenly a hissing sound was heard, and something passed swift as an arrow through the waves into the midst of the astonished group. Every one recognized Mr. Flying-fish, an unusual visitor at such gayeties. He was always clothed with a veil of mystery and suspicion, since it was known that he was in the habit of leaping out of the water, the orthodox fish-element, into the atmosphere of the Unknown above. He was the transcendental Fish; and anxious mammas, such as Dames Shad and Mullet, regarded him as dangerous. On this occasion every fin trembled with emotion, and his eyes shone with the light of the Empyrean.

"'O my brothers,' he cried, when he had recovered his breath, 'what have I seen! what have I seen! The great Jove hath made a new King!'

"The music ceased, the dancers were paralyzed with terror. Then did the Salmon, the Incarnate Jove, rise with cheeks puffed out in wrath, his gills gleaming red lightnings. 'A new King!' shrieked all, 'something higher, nobler than a Fish!' 'Nothing *can* be higher, nobler than a Fish,' broke in Mr. Shark; and then continued in a strain of eloquence which has long been considered the climax of piscatorial oratory, the concluding sentence of which was, 'What a piece of work is Fish! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a

god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" . . . It is a little singular that this paragraph should be supposed to have originated with Man. It has been ascribed, I have heard, to one W. Shakspeare. Everything about that gentleman has become so shadowy, of late, that it will be readily seen that the mistake originated from the fact that the Fishes have always been governed by a House of Peers. After the name of each member of this House his title was written: thus we have frequent record of Perch-peer, Herring-peer, Sturgeon-peer. Mr. Shark, at the time of the making of that speech, was a member of this House, and therefore his name was written Shark-peer. There being some difference of opinion as to how Mr. Shakspeare's name was written, the names of the great thinkers were confused. . . . With this note the mythologic fragment proceeds: "The multitude was much wrought up by this address, and were on the point of giving Flying-fish a coat of eel-slime and sea-weed, but the fiery gleam of his eye arrested them. Some of the older shook their heads significantly, looked at each other, touched their foreheads against each other's noses, and whispered, *Poor fellow!*

" 'Strike, but hear,' said the Flying-fish: 'As I passed near the shore where the syrens sing, as I leapt up to catch, if possible, a glimpse of those mysterious messengers from the spiritual spheres, I saw, at that point where the sea meets shore, a wondrous animal: its head and shoulders out of water!!! Examining closely, I discovered that instead of its having fins, these fins had swollen with flesh and blood, and then separated into prongs, or fingers, on each side. This is a new being; and as fingers are higher, more cunning than fins, it must rule, and the Reign of Fishes pass away!'

"A shriek followed this from every gill. The Salmon then first spoke: 'Am not I Jove? Do not I know what I myself must have created? I say there is no such being as thou hast described.' Then, alas! for his impudence, this transcendental flyer replied: 'Then either thou, Mr. Salmon, art not Jove, or there is another creature beside, for I surely saw a Reptile. Remember, once the Oyster thought that the world's ultimate and centessence flowered in it; but the Fish arrived: what reason now that the Fish should not be surpassed by Reptile, where fins climb another step toward arms and hands?'

"This being considered blasphemy by the Rev. Dr. Cat-fish,

was adjudged worthy of death. A court was called by Judge Mullet, and the prisoner being called on to state why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, declared that he had rather die than live with such a set of old fogies. 'But,' he continued, 'the hand now exists where only the fin existed hitherto, and that hand is the seal of a new and greater kingdom.' Whereupon they all, laughing to scorn the idea that they were not the highest in the scale of creation, fell on him and devoured him. The commotion made a whirlpool which swallowed up Charon's ferry-boat, before in good sailing condition. . . . A year passed on, and the festival day returned. But when they all gathered around the Salmon to pay their adoration to him, two huge reptilian claws came down and fixed upon him, and destroyed him, whilst the others sped as arrows from the bloody scene. Then they knew he must have been an impostor, and Mr. Flying-fish a true prophet. They supposed that the spirit of the latter had fled from martyrdom to inhabit some form of the new race of Reptiles, and he was ever after paid divine homage, and a temple of coral built to him, and a Salmon sacrificed on each returning anniversary of the day when the descending claws were seen. The family of Flying-fish were ordained a perpetual priesthood, and their opinions obeyed as oracles."

Here ends (said Einbohrer) this somewhat strange paper. You will doubtless conclude that my friend Megalosaurus is a strange fish; but for all the strangeness of his rather riotous whims, they sometimes play about truths. Science does see that from the fin upward, through the claw, foot, wing fingered with quills, *the Hand* has been the aim of Nature. Every animal genus has been arranged in the scale in accordance with the perfection of this appendage. Hand is sceptre—is given for control. It constitutes the distinction of man. Linnæus, in making out his catalogue, could find no place for the Ourang-utan, except under the genus *man* or *homo*. Later naturalists flustered a great deal about monkeys being classed with men; but when asked, *What was the difference*, could not reply. The characteristics of the two, Man and Monkey, are to be given hereafter; but for the present, it may be stated that the only essential difference of man from the monkey, and, therefore, of all lower animals, *a fortiori*, is in the hand. The monkey has five fingers, the man has four fingers, and a thumb

opposite them. Five fingers do not make a hand; they can only hold on to a thing around which they fold: nothing but a thumb to work opposite each finger gives the power to fashion and mold things. Man alone was designed to fashion and mold things. The hand is therefore the condition of a brain to will and design. It is the essentially Human feature.

That Head and Hand go together, and mean the same thing, may be easily illustrated. Göthe declared, in 1791, when, on walking in the Jewish cemetery at Lido, near Venice, he found the skull of a ram, the great fact that the skull is vertebrated — which Oken afterward proved. In that idea of Nature, repeating the vertebration of the body in the skull, there are folded immense results. Here is one: Van Stammer, I wish to show this affair on your body. [Here poor Van S. gave several nervous motions.] Will you stand on this table? said the inexorable Doctor. Take off your shoes and stockings, Van Stammer. [I don't believe Stammer has any feet inside 'em, said Peter, and was again driven off.] Now, sir, will you be good enough to place your hands side by side before you, with fingers outstretched as prongs: now stand as nearly as possible on your heels alone. Erastus, support Herr Stammer's back with one hand. Now, if you please, Van Stammer, bend over until your hands meet your toes as nearly as possible. [After much nervous reluctance, and many blushes, Van Stammer assumed that altogether striking and beautiful posture.] Now, gentlemen, I will place this skull beside him. You will see that they are the same: that the gentleman's body is but another skull: the shape is the same, — the fingers and toes are the upper and under teeth meeting each other.

Making allowance for a certain stiffness which seems to have penetrated the subject, you will see that the general outline of Stammer and skull are identical. This is the philosophic fact underlying statements in the Police Court, "That said Polly flew at him tooth and nail;" for you see the upper and under teeth are but reproductions in another sphere of fingers and toes. Fingers procure food, teeth eat it. I may mention that this relationship of Head and Hand was discovered and carried out into further details by Baron Quoderatdemonstrandum, of Hanover. He has also discovered, philologically, that it was for this reason that the face was called *handsome*. Beauty sits about the mouth, where the partly fingers meet. This originated the good old fashion of kiss-

ing the hand—it was a meeting of fingers,—one flesh, the other bone. When in course of time the kiss was transferred from hand to mouth, the tendency of life being from hand to mouth, it was only a shaking of hands in a higher sphere—the teeth of the two osculatory objects being in reality fingers.

Gentlemen, nearly all naturalists have something wherewith their highest views and hopes are entwined—something upon which they take their scientific stand. Some take their stand on the understanding; some on eyes; others stand on the foot. I take my stand on the hand. How does man establish the prophesy of the Flying-fish, and rule over the fishes? Why, he either makes some iron fingers into a prong and pierces them, or makes a curved forefinger into steel, and, baiting it, hooks them for breakfast. What is the power by which he rules Nature, rides the seas, subdues all difficulties? By a series of hands. Spades, drags, rakes, grates, dental instruments, are but hands and fingers in iron or wood. A hammer is an iron fist doubled up: a rope but an elongated hempen finger. When men come to pistols or swords, they are but pointing at each other fingers, somewhat projected. [“What,” broke in Peter House, with great excitement, “what is a crooked pin, O Van Stammer, but a sinuous finger of brass?” Dr. Einbohrer ordered Stammer to put Peter out again; Peter used his flesh-hammer vigorously on the occasion; others joined in the melee, using both the hands of the first and second spheres, tooth and toe-nail; and so the lecture, like the aqueous tribes, ended in claws.]

It is not generally known that Swedenborg anticipated Göthe's Theory of Colors. In the *Arcana*, § 1042, he writes: “In order to the existence of color, there must needs be some substance darkish and brightish, or black and white, on which, when the rays of light from the sun fall, according to the various temperature of the dark and bright, or black and white, from the modification of the influent rays of light, there exist colors, some of which take more or less from the darkish and black, some more or less from the brightish and white, and hence arises their diversity.”

EOLA.

SHE kept the fountains of the air,
Mid forms aerial and fair,
And skiey echoes rich and rare.

The Monsoon swept its fiery course,
The North-wind answered loud and hoarse;
Both gladly fed sweet music's source.

Her heart-strings bore a charmed life;
On them sweet chords flowed out of strife,—
Ages of Peace from drum and fife.

O Eola, my goddess pure!
Emboldened by thy lyral lure,
Preluding Love that shall endure,—

My heart, earth-saddened, to thee brings
Discord that chills, and grief that wrings,
To change to music on thy strings.

Though every note should be a tear,
Yet every woe I gladly bear,
If but some certain strain I hear!



THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

CHEE says, if in the morning I hear about the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy.

A man's life is properly connected with virtue. The life of the evil man is preserved by mere good fortune.

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow—happiness may be enjoyed even in these. Without virtue, riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.

A wise and good man was Hooi. A piece of bamboo was his dish, a cocoa-nut his cup, his dwelling a miserable shed. Men could not sustain the sight of his wretchedness; but Hooi did not change the serenity of his mind. A wise and good man was Hooi.

Chee-koong said, Were they discontented? The sage replies,

They sought and attained complete virtue ;— how then could they be discontented ?

Chee says, Yaou is the man who, in torn clothes or common apparel, sits with those dressed in furred robes without feeling shame.

To worship at a temple not your own is mere flattery.

Chee says, grieve not that men know not you ; grieve that you are ignorant of men.

How can a man remain concealed ! How can a man remain concealed !

Have no friend unlike yourself.

Chee-Yaou inquired respecting filial piety. Chee says, the filial piety of the present day is esteemed merely ability to nourish a parent. This care is extended to a dog or a horse. Every domestic animal can obtain food. Beside veneration, what is the difference ?

Chee entered the great temple, frequently inquiring about things. One said, who says that the son of the Chou man understands propriety ? In the great temple he is constantly asking questions. Chee heard and replied — "This is propriety."

Choy-ee slept in the afternoon. Chee says, rotten wood is unfit for carving : a dirty wall can not receive a beautiful color. To Ee what advice can I give ?

A man's transgression partakes of the nature of his company.

Having knowledge, to apply it ; not having knowledge, to confess your ignorance : this is real knowledge.

Chee says, to sit in silence and recall past ideas, to study and feel no anxiety, to instruct men without weariness ;—have I this ability within me ?

In forming a mountain, were I to stop when one basket of earth is lacking, I actually stop ; and in the same manner were I to add to the level ground though but one basket of earth daily, I really go forward.

A soldier of the kingdom of Ci lost his buckler ; and having sought after it a long time in vain, he comforted himself with this reflection : "A soldier has lost his buckler, but a soldier of our camp will find it : he will use it."

The wise man never hastens, neither in his studies nor his words ; he is sometimes, as it were, mute ; but when it concerns him to act and practice virtue, he, as I may say, precipitates all.

The truly wise man speaks little ; he is little eloquent. I see not that eloquence can be of very great use to him.

Silence is absolutely necessary to the wise man. Great speeches, elaborate discourses, pieces of eloquence, ought to be a language unknown to him ; his actions ought to be his language. As for me, I would never speak more. Heaven speaks ; but what language does it use to preach to men, that there is a sovereign principle from which all things depend ; a sovereign principle which makes them to act and to move ? Its motion is its language ; it reduces the seasons to their time ; it agitates nature ; it makes it produce. This silence is eloquent.

From the Hindoo Heetopades.

Our lives are for the purposes of religion, labor, love, and salvation. If these are destroyed, what is not lost ? If these are preserved, what is not preserved ?

A wise man should relinquish both his wealth and his life for another. All is to be surrendered for a just man when he is reduced to the brink of destruction.

Why dost thou hesitate over this perishable body composed of flesh, bones, and excrements ? O my friend, [*my body,*] support my reputation !

If constancy is to be obtained by inconstancy, purity by impurity, reputation by the body, then what is there which may not be obtained ?

The difference between the body and the qualities is infinite ; the body is a thing to be destroyed in a moment, whilst the qualities endure to the end of the creation.

Fortune attendeth that lion amongst men who exerteth himself. They are weak men who declare Fate the sole cause.

It is said Fate is nothing but the deeds committed in a former state of existence ; wherefore it behoveth a man vigilantly to exert the powers he is possessed of.

The stranger, who turneth away from a house with disappointed hopes, leaveth there his own offences, and departeth, taking with him all the good actions of the owner.

Hospitality is to be exercised even towards an enemy when he cometh to thine house. The tree does not withdraw its shade, even from the wood-cutter.

Of all men thy guest is the superior.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Life of Jesus: A manual for Academic Study. By Dr. CARL HASE, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

The publication of this work by the firm which issues the regular works of the American Unitarian Association; its translation by the Secretary of that Association, as a work which he hopes "may be useful as a manual for theological students, Bible classes, and perhaps for the more advanced scholars in Sunday Schools;" its endorsement by Doctors of Divinity in high standing, both Unitarian (Dr. Osgood, of N. Y., and E. E. Hale, of Boston,) and Orthodox, (Barnas Sears, D.D., of Providence, and Dr. Schaaf, President at Mercersberg,) through letters prefatory in the book; all unite to make the appearance of this work of significant import in the theological horizon.

Twenty years of objugation as to right and left wings; fifteen years abuse of Theodore Parker, have then resulted in presenting as the denominational standpoint a *Life of Jesus*, that sees contradictions between Matthew and John, "which make it impossible for both writings to have proceeded from Apostles" (p. 4); which declares that "an assumption of infallible accuracy in the sources . . . would make all historic research unnecessary and impossible, and bring back upon us only the constraint and untruth of the old-fashioned Harmonies" (p. 12); which speaks of Osiander introducing into the Lutheran Church "the superstition that each of the Evangelists was an organ of the Holy Ghost" (p. 29); which regards the stories of the nativity, miraculous conception, massacre of the innocents, guiding star, &c., as "legends of the later Church" (p. 42); which affirms that it does not "appear providentially credible that the purest of all men should have been born in violation of the moral order which God has instituted" (p. 46); which speaks of Jesus as the "religious genius" (p. 54); which conjectures concerning the turning of water into wine, "that an occurrence not originally regarded as a miracle . . . became transformed afterward in the remembrance of the Church and of the Apostle under later feelings and views" (p. 104); which finds that Jesus "took the most joyous moment of earthly gayety as a symbol of the highest communion" (p. 121); which holds that "he describes his oneness with God as dependence on God, and as destined for all mankind" (p. 137); which supposes, in reference to the stilling of the tempest, that Jesus "may, in his figurative manner, have commanded the storm in the Apostle's mind to be at peace, and that they afterward, when the storm had allayed, had misunderstood the ground of his confidence" (p. 147); that the herd of swine might have been frightened into the sea, and that the supposition of the devils being in them may have originated with the lunatic himself" (p. 148); that a friendly banquet, in which a multitude ate together, "grew into a legend of miraculous increase of food" (p. 153); that the walking on the lake is allegorical for the most part (p. 156); that Jesus did not prophecy of his Resurrection, or expect it (p. 173); that the tribute money found in the mouth of the fish is akin to the apocryphal stories (p. 176); which *hints* that the death of Lazarus was an "apparent death" (p. 184); which, speaking of the Passover question, declares that "the synoptical account unconditionally contradicts any supposition which might be favorable to the accuracy of John" (p. 193); that the withering of the fig-tree was a parable or metaphor which grew into a legend (p. 197); that amongst Christ's prophecies we find "predictions which were not fulfilled" (p. 202); that "it is impossible to demonstrate absolutely the death

of Jesus, since there is no certain criterion of death in any case, except the commencement of decay, or the destruction of an organ essential to life" (p. 228); that "the story of guarding the grave, which is only told in the first Gospel, is so improbable as to the reason given, and as to the behavior of all those implicated, that it must be considered a legend, the motive for which Matthew himself has given in the Jewish rumor of the body being stolen" (p. 230); which declares, concerning the saints rising from their graves, at the crucifixion, that the historical basis of the statement "vanishes as soon as we try to conceive of it intelligibly" (p. 238).

These admissions are all the more remarkable as coming from one who has no objection *a priori* to miracles, though he takes as a postulate that miracles can not "contradict the laws of the world, which are the constant expressions of the Divine Will." But the significance of the translation is that it must be regarded as the standpoint where cultivated supernaturalists in America wish to be met. We think that our readers will agree with us, that the trial of the case between that standpoint and rationalism is not worth the costs.

Yet we should grieve to have any reader to suppose that in taking up Dr. Hase's Life of Christ he was entering into an atmosphere of controversy. The criticisms we have indicated for a special purpose are merely incidental, and do not at all represent the spirit of the work, which is an earnest, reverent, and tender portrayal of the Divine Man and his relations with persons and things around. Its criticism is better than Neander's, its spirit better than Strauss'; in reading we seem to breathe the very air of ancient Palestine. Every word is real: what some one said of Montaigne's style—"Cut these words and they would bleed"—may be well applied to this work of Carl Hase. The more that we divest the Son of Man of the shreds and patches of superstition which cling, like relics of old and barbarous costumes, about him, the more does he shine forth the religious representative of the race who can not be dethroned, until the crown of man also is torn from his brow and trampled in the dust.

Esperanza; My journey thither, and what I found there. Cincinnati: Valentine Nicholson. 1860. For sale by A. Hutchinson, and Riekey, Mallory & Co.

When a rope, at which a number of persons are pulling with their full strength, suddenly snaps, the children and weak-kneed persons will be likely to tumble farther than they designed, and measure their length in any ditch that happens to be near. Only men keep their balance when the rope gives way. In this country, and especially in the West, men and women are struggling with manifold cords which have too much bound them; one by one they are snapping. The mind of man struggles with creeds. Woman is galled with the practical results of her legal non-existence. Amongst these binding cords we certainly believe that marriage, as it holds in most of the States, is one; the result is, that the relation of the sexes under it, because of the absence of spontaneity and truth, frequently proves a scourge to both. But it becomes those who are exercised to reform the world in this particular not to pull so violently as to tumble into the ditch. Paul was evidently thinking of such liabilities when he declared that those who strive are not crowned, except they strive lawfully.

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of "*Esperanza*"—the Land of Hope: a work written on the gospel of Free Love. Perhaps the name of the author might as well have been on the title page, since it is quite generally indicated that it is the work of Dr. Nichols, late of the community of Memnona, at Yellow Springs, O., later still of the Roman Catholic Church. In what light that Church will regard the publication of this posthumous novel from the pen of its convert, we are not prepared to say.

We have heard that the author had concluded his account of *Esperanza*, by introducing a Catholic Father who converts them all to the Mother Church; and that the publisher, having some authority in the premises, is responsible for the substitution of the weak and diluted *Dream* which concludes the book, in which a Spirit inculcates the *one love* theory so feebly as to make the free love portions of it all the more dangerous.

It is a pity if the publisher compelled this alteration; the other would have been, in every way, truer — truer in philosophy and fact.

Memnona, when in its most flourishing condition, numbered about twenty inmates. They were generally Eastern and English people; and, we have been credibly informed, were persons who had met with disappointments and griefs in the life of the affections, — the unrequited or the divorced. It was represented to the country chiefly through the terrible denunciations of Horace Mann, whose imagination, excited by its proximity to Antioch College, pictured it as, to use his own words, "the superfetation of diabolism upon polygamy." This community, however, had reason to know that Mr. Mann was mistaken; and that so far from Memnona's being a seat of sexual license, it inaugurated in its actual life the asceticism and celibacy which afterward carried its leading characters into the Church of Rome. Daily confessions and penances were prescribed and obeyed. And when through pecuniary embarrassments, — for the community ruined every one who made any investment in it, — and the jealousies of human nature, this false thing burst like a bubble, the eight leading persons (including those named in *Esperanza*, Harmonia, Vincent, Angelo, Eugenia, and the beautiful Melodia) immediately went into the Romish Church. Melodia (Miss H.) is now a nun in Cuba.

We have taken pains to trace, from sources entirely reliable, the above facts, which are the most significant commentary on this book. Any association not based upon the sacredness of the family, is not only fluid, but foam. Sir John Suckling's comparison of Love to a sun-glass, which, moved about to various points, burns not, but when held still kindles a flame, has had many ages to test it, and has become ever the more established. Indeed, the experiences and observations of the profoundest hearts and minds have tended to prefer Swedenborg's doctrine of the immortality of special loves, to the saying of Jesus, as commonly understood, that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Hearts die, hearts' loves remain,
Hearts' loves shall meet thee again.

Napoleon III. in Italy: and other Poems. By ELIZABETH ARRETT BROWNING. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Mrs. Browning is always sure of her audience; for she has created it. She has not only made poems, but poets; her intensity of utterance, her culture, her emotion, have proved contagious with the thinkers of her sex. For a long time it was inquired if Mrs. Browning had written "Philip my King," or "My Last Dance," or this or that fugitive piece which appeared in some magazine. It was published that they were written by other hands; yet close readers knew that they were none the less written by Mrs. Browning.

But the difficulty with E. B. B. is, that she can not stand the fiery draughts of her own emotion; she is intoxicated by them, and lacks that peculiar and celestial quality of the Poet — the ability to see things as they are. Therefore, she is not so much a Poet as a Pythoness. "*Aurora Leigh*" was not a poem, it was a romantic oration on Laws, Castes, Statesmen, Chartism, etc., etc.

In the present little work there is a sad lack of health. In reading the

Laudation of Napoleon (the little) by this noble woman whose very heart-beats are measured by the march of Freedom — the Laudation of Napoleon, the Liar and the Serpent who crept into the heart of Rome *when she was free* — crept there by a Lie — and strangled the Divine Babe in its cradle — one knows not whether to burst into tears or laughter. Is it not plain that some villainous little Puck has been making use of that flower which Cupid's falling arrow made, called, "Love-in-idleness," on our poet's eyes, and Louis N. is the Bottom she beholds on waking, and must perforce love? How else could she have written thus:

"Nay, but he, this wonder,
He can not falter nor prate,
Though many around him and under,
With intellects trained to the curve,
Distrust him in spirit and nerve
Because his meaning is straight. (!)
Measure him ere he depart
With those who have governed and led;
Larger so much by the heart,
Larger so much by the head,
Emperor
Evermore."

We give the Shakesperian commentary on this:

Titania. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbor will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom. Not so neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Yet we are not sorry that Mrs. Browning has had the amiable credulity to write this book: it is a part of that coercion which a bad man needs to commit and bind him to an important policy, to which the mere instinct of self-preservation would have guided any one in his place, but which he would evade by any blind way, so soon as his self-interest could be shown to jump with the temporal authority of the Pope. Therefore let there be a lock and bolt on every swerving byway. He can not be a man; he *shall* be a scourge.

The other poems in this little book, seven in number, are all political; and though they have the pallor of the first, they, like it, abound in passages of rare depth. "Christmas Gifts" is a production of exquisite Art. The rebuke of the United States for her faithlessness to liberty is given in thoughts that lighten and words that thunder.

The Hierophant: or Gleanings from the Past. Being an exposition of Biblical Astronomy, and the symbolism and mysteries on which were founded all ancient, religious and secret societies. Also an explanation of the Dark Sayings and Allegories which abound in the Pagan, Jewish and Christian Bibles: also the real sense of the doctrines and observances of the modern Christian Churches. By G. C. STEWART, Newark, N. J. Cincinnati: For sale by A. Hutchinson.

In giving at length the title-page we have given the table of contents of this very curious and very entertaining work. The reader will at once guess that it is an addition to that half-true, half-extravagant literature of speculation made popular by such works as Taylor's *Deodicius* and Higgins' *Anacalypsis*. It is a region which grievously befores any but the clearest vision. We think our author more of a philosopher than any who have preceded him. He is a glorious pagan and terribly in earnest; since

the day when Taylor, the English translator of Plato, was solemnly converted to the religion of ancient Greece, and was brought before a magistrate by his landlady for offering up a bull to Jupiter in her back parlor, we have heard of no such case of deliberate and devout heathenism. He is a believer in Christ, because Christ is the greatest interpreter of the spirit of the ancient signs and hieroglyphs, the spiritual Champollion. The following paragraph will perhaps give some indication of the plan and character of this queer book :

"In all religious systems, in order to fulfil all righteousness, the founders must needs organize them in accordance with the method adopted in the earlier ages. Then as there were twelve domicils of the Sun, there must be twelve teachers or leaders, and when one was lost, another must be chosen to supply his place. When Levi was selected for the priesthood, another tribe was divided to maintain the perfect number; and when Judas fell, another was chosen to fill his place. All the worship of the ancients, when performed systematically, consisted in imitating the movements of the heavenly bodies and the action of the elements, and in celebrating the labors of the Sun, together with bloody sacrifices, to appease a supposed angry God. Jesus was, no doubt, well acquainted with these customs of the ancients, and conformed to them, externally, when he began his career; for we find him acknowledging them in his baptism and forty days fast, in which he imitated the passage of the Sun through the Constellation Aquarius, where John, Joannes or Janus the baptizer, had his domicil, and baptized the earth with his early rains. Having been baptized in the Jordan, he fasted forty days in the wilderness, in imitation of the passage of the Sun from the Constellation Aquarius, through the Fishes to the Mutton of March. During the forty days when the Sun is among the Fishes, the faithful Catholics, Episcopalians and Mahometans, abstain from meat and live upon the fishes, during the season of Lent, as did the Jews and Pagans."

A Voyage down the Amoor: with a land journey through Siberia, and incidental notices of Manchouria, Kamschatka and Japan. By PERRY McDONOUGH COLLINS, U. S. Com. Agt. at the Amoor river. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

We have never read a more agreeable book of the kind. Mr. Collins was appointed March, 1856, by President Pierce, but as the result of his own interest in these little known regions of Asia; armed with his official authority, and many letters from the Russian Ambassador at Washington, he went forth and traced the Asiatic Mississippi from its source to its mouth. We assure the reader that the space we have to notice this rich work is fearfully out of proportion to its value. Mr. Collins knows just what sketches and observations will be entertaining; he has a good humor that never surrenders; an eye for all beauty, from the smallest flower to the bloomiest Goldee maiden. Nothing seems to have escaped him, and we must even imagine him to have slept with one eye and remained on the watch with the other. The style is as piquant as some fine Oriental soy. The external execution of the work, including the drawings of ancient monuments on the Amoor, are very creditable to its publishers.

Friarswood Post-Office. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

A book of invalids and afflictions; of diseases of mind, body and estate; diseased views of life, and an invalid theology exhaled as consequences. We doubt if there be a healthy thought or word in this book; therefore, since we can not give the professional, i. e., medicinal, criticism which it demands, we have labeled it with Dr. Johnson's savage remark: "Sir, every man is a rascal when he is sick!"